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Vol. CLXXXII No. 2380 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 1 1945

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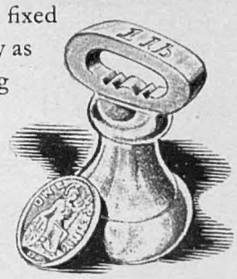

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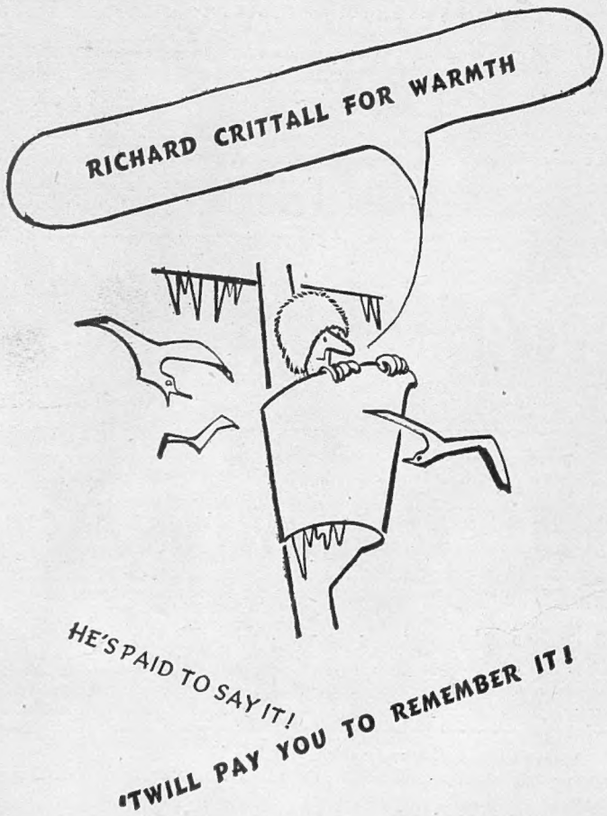

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Volume CLXXXII No. 2380 The SPHERE, London, September 1, 1945

THE SPHERE
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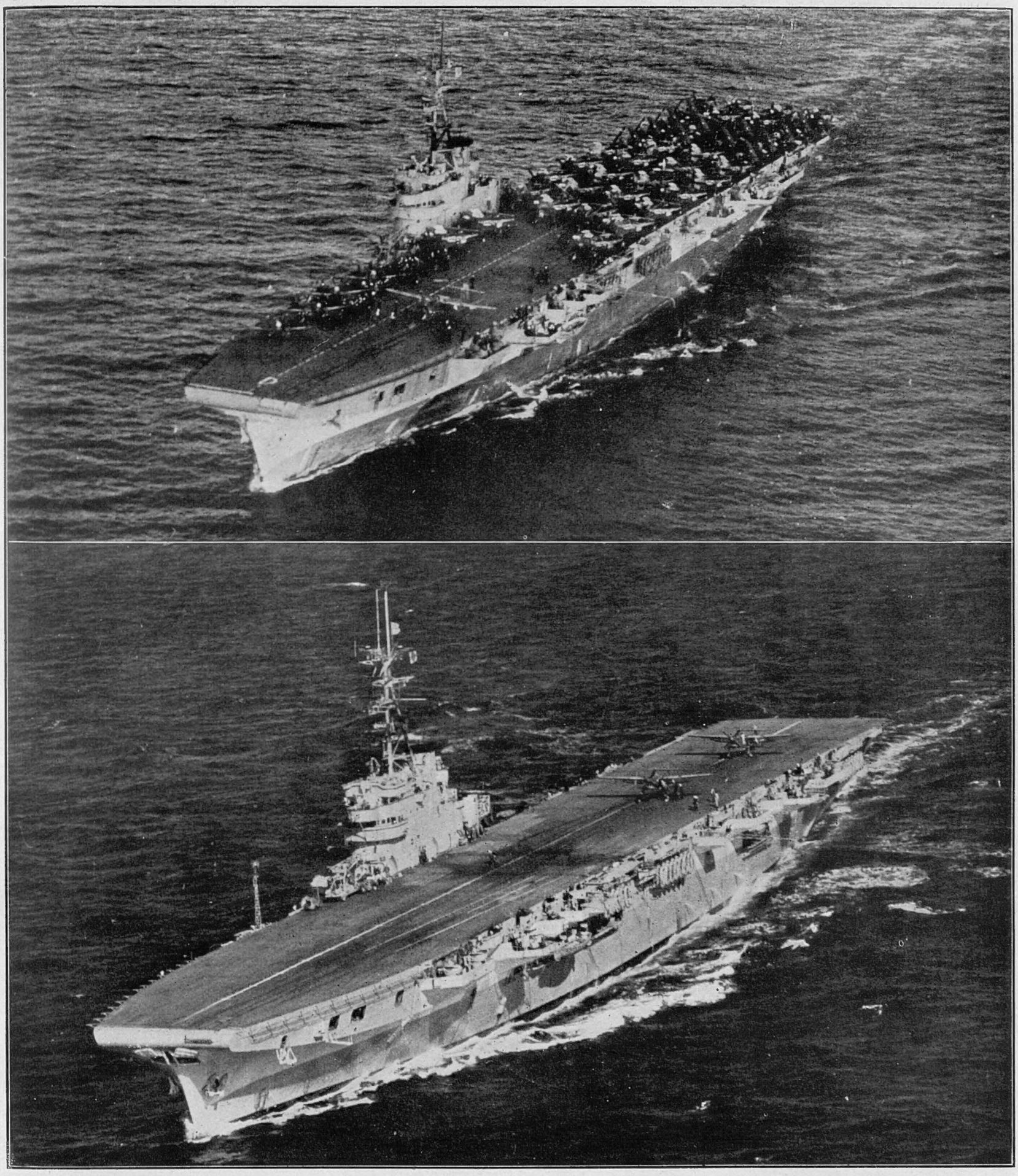

THE NEW "LIGHT FLEET CARRIERS" OF THE ROYAL NAVY: *Above*—**A picture taken in May 1945, showing H.M.S. "COLOSSUS," with her deck packed with aircraft, at sea off Malta.** *Below*—**H.M.S. "VENERABLE," showing the flight-deck, nearly 700 ft. in length**

Vessels of this newest class of aircraft-carrier, some of which have recently been named, are now serving with the British Pacific Fleet. They were put in hand under a special wartime building programme to augment the larger carriers for the war in the Far East. They are a small version of the "fleet carriers," and have a designed speed of 25 knots. Besides being able to operate with the Fleet, they also are of ideal size for convoy protection duties, capable of augmenting the escort carriers which were first used with considerable success in the European War. The light fleet carriers have a displacement of 14,000 tons, an extreme length of 695 ft., extreme breadth of 80 ft. and a draught of 23 ft. They carry a normal complement of thirty-three aircraft, comprising torpedo-bomber reconnaissance aircraft and single-seater fighters. Their armament consists of twenty-four 2-pounder pom-poms, in quadruple mountings, with a large number of 20-mm. Oerlikons. The ships are fitted out on the latest central messing system, having large dining-halls adjacent to the galleys, serveries and sculleries; they are insulated against tropical heat and fitted with air-conditioning plant; and they are also equipped with de-icing and lagging arrangements for cold regions

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Saving Face and Wasting Time.—If I were an Australian statesman, I should temper my relief at Japan's defeat with anxiety for the not far distant future. The next weeks may put a different complexion on the face of things. Just now Japan looks like a by-no-means *extinct* volcano. Hirohito may be still the Son of Heaven, still the one institution which all Japanese unite in desiring to preserve, but it is no case of "When father says turn, we all turn." His influence and authority appear to carry very little weight. From top to bottom, go-as-you-please face-saving is the order of the day, with obstruction and self-justification as the means. The fires of nationalism, militarism, aggression and revenge are hardly damped down. A very small proportion of the Japanese race have yet shown signs of realising, let alone admitting, defeat. Occupation forces, given time, may draw many of her teeth, her troops will no doubt be withdrawn from the over-run territories all over the eastern field, but that very act of justice must re-sow the dragon's teeth. It will be Russia's policy to deny her much of what she had won before the war, and the prospect of her teeming millions, smarting from humiliation in the eyes of the world, not admitting defeat, and jostling each other with the barest means of existence on the lowest plane, in a tiny island adequate only for 50 per cent. of her population is one to daunt her peaceful neighbours. If ever there is a breeding-ground for war, it is Japan as it will probably be in 1946. Do what they will (and even if they can do it by agreed and united policy and action), the Allies will not succeed in making Japan an extinct volcano. It follows that uncountable millions must be spent on anti-lava defences and ceaseless vigilance must be the order of the day for decades to come. Compared with the Japs, the Germans are a flock of innocent sheep.

Lend-Lease.—A nation's complete altruism can never become a permanent habit. None supposed that Lend-Lease would long survive the defeat of Japan. It was reasonable to expect that we should receive what any handmaid expects to receive—a month's warning. The decision came from Mr. Truman without warning or consultation. It has put us in an awkward fix. Second thoughts are likely to bring some alleviation, and the less said now the better. It is fair to comment that such a bombshell could never have fallen, had Roosevelt survived and Churchill remained in power to this day. That comment means no more than a reminder how huge a share in our victory was made by a very personal friendship between two Allied war-leaders. For better or for worse? For better then, for worse now. Persons die, nations go on for ever. *Actio personalis moritur cum persona.* Mr. Attlee expressed his anxiety at our financial position as a result of the ending of Lend-Lease. Anxiety was to be expected—surprise, no. Some of us have ventured, as long back as 1941 (and frequently, as grandiloquent schemes have followed one another in White Papers), to point out that we should be bankrupt at the end of the war, and that *individual* bankrupts, at any rate, have not in the past pulled down their barns to build greater, but rather tightened their belts and moved to a smaller house. Even now the analogy of the individual bankrupt seems to me to govern the bankruptcy of a nation. The sombre idea, however, seems new and surprising to our statesmen.

Mr. Bevin Surveys the World.—In the field of foreign policy at least there seems good hope that for some time to come the new Government will enjoy the privileges of party power with the blessings and advantages of Coalition. Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer Mr. Bevin for his sagacity, breadth and forthrightness in his first wide survey of the foreign field and its snags and tares. Mr. Eden promised wholehearted support; *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* were flattering. True, as Mr. Attlee said in another place on the same day, it is not speeches but actions and decisions alone which will uproot the snags and tares. But, broadly, all over Europe Mr. Bevin's policy is to be the policy forged under the Coalition. We have Mr. Eden's word for it that he and Mr. Bevin worked as brothers without a shade of difference, and now that Mr. Bevin sits in his seat, Mr. Eden pledges himself to continue the partnership and to ensure that parliamentary opposition shall be as constructive, and as little destructive, as a coalition of parties under a national mandate. What Potsdam surprisingly failed to do, Mr. Bevin put first among his priorities—the support of U.N.R.R.A.'s requirements if chaos is to be staved off this winter in Europe. First and last, now and always, a full belly is the only sound and sure basis of political well-being in the international field. *Man cannot live by bread alone* is a truism of limited application in that field. If every man in Europe were assured of his bread (in the wide sense) and to spare, he would live at peace with his neighbour, and there would be no need of diplomacy and little dread of war. But Europe to-day *is* chaos. Homeless millions are roving, frontiers of states are unmarked and undetermined, stable government is to seek, transport and communications are chaotic, and scores of evils flourish underground. Political security depends on economic well-being. True, but economic well-being is impossible without political security. The vicious circle, the unsoluble dilemma—the ancient bogy grins over Europe. It is no time for making party capital out of foreign affairs; *a fortiori*, it is no time for national ambitions to be pursued by the Allies. It will be nip and tuck this winter—order or chaos, peace or the (new style) sword? For the moment, it seems, the awful lesson of the atomic bomb and its possibilities is being kept in mind and is guiding the conduct, the manners and even the policy of all parties, classes, even nations.

Jam Yesterday, Jam To-morrow, But . . . The view of things observed from the hustings often differs from that seen in the built-up area of Whitehall. The idea that the promises of politicians are pie-crust arises from that strict fact. The future must be wide and rosy on the hustings, if candidates for office are to receive votes in lieu of brickbats. But in Whitehall obstacles are to be observed in serried rows, ridge behind ridge, obscuring the roseate hues of dawn. Time was (and recently) when all parties saw the prospect, and common sense, of a half-crown drop in income-tax this autumn; of the sweeping away of petrol-rationing when Japan caved in; of less austerity in clothes rationing, if not in food rationing, even this winter. But already the day of warning has come again in Whitehall. Austerity is still the order of the day; tight belts are the autumn dress fashion *par excellence;* and we must make our incomes, our patience, our petrol, our fuel and our garments go further than ever before. I am not a prophet, but I confess that these warnings caught me unsurprised and not unduly disappointed. I have too often found a close-up of the hustings dawn to be neither roseate nor even promising of a fair summer day. The carrots of election day are the Dead Sea fruit of the morning after.

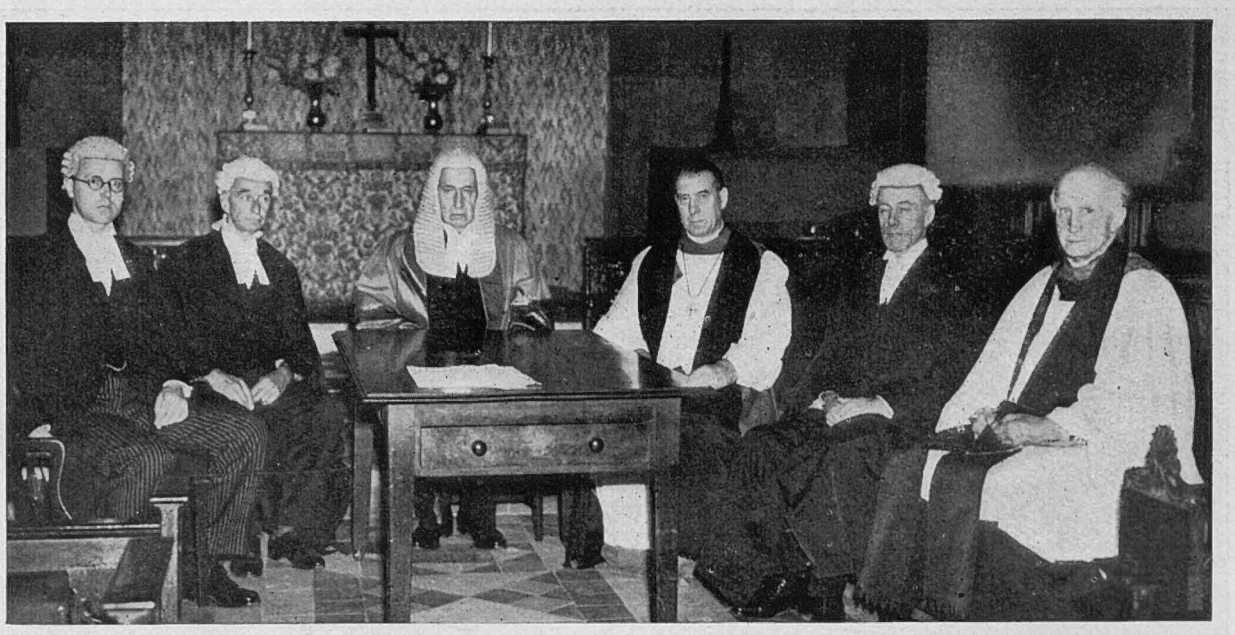
The Bird!—I read and noted letters from correspondents which appeared in the day's Press during our days of national rejoicing for victory. Some wrote to deplore that Mr. Attlee paid no adequate tribute to Mr. Churchill's little share in that victory; others wondered if it were too late to spare a leaf of the laurel wreath, which has been so generously bestowed on other brows, to the late pilot who weathered the storm. As I ventured to remark the other day, politics in Britain is a pretty hard and discouraging profession—and Mr. Churchill has a deal of experience of it. Does anyone to-day read Bulwer Lytton's novel-in-verse, *Lucile*, and remember that song of the Paradise Bird with its haunting refrain? It tells of the Paradise Bird which saved the ship and was soon forgotten by the mariners when they entered a calm haven. The last stanza is apt:

"And the Ship rides the waters and weathers the gales:
From the haven she nears, the rejoicing is heard.
All hands are at work on the ingots, the bales,
Save a child, sitting lonely, who misses—the Bird!"

"All hands are at work on the ingots, the bales." I confess I am that child, sitting lonely, who misses the Bird. But it has always been our habit to crown mediocrity and exile greatness on its rare appearances in these Islands. I don't say Churchill is always right, I don't say he is to be aptly compared to a Bird of Paradise; but I do say that Honours and Rewards look silly—damn silly—and mediocrity unusually mediocre, while the situation vis-à-vis our late pilot remains as it is.

The Mighty Atom.—The problem of atomic energy and its misuses already influences, even governs, our discussions of policy in almost every field. It pervades diplomacy, religion, economics, philosophy. It has been heard of in Hollywood, and may cross the cricket field. The literature and periodic journalism of this very autumn will be devoted largely to it, and it will steal up to the nursery floor like the scent of onions from a slut's kitchen. Every day convinces the most reluctant that now at last we 've done it, and that we are on the threshold of a really new world. We have forged the weapon of our own total destruction, and the little infernal machine in a very short time will pass from hand to hand in a polyglot crowd of doubtful characters, and as it passes, every one in the crowd will watch with bated breath and ask himself "Will that chap drop it?"

THE OLD STAGER



THE CONFIRMATION OF DR. J. C. WAND AS BISHOP OF LONDON IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY WOOLNOTH, IN LOMBARD STREET: The new Bishop (third from right) with the Vicar-General, Sir Philip Baker-Wilbraham (third from left) after the ceremony

Chanting continuously, "We protest—we protest!" 100 Protestants made pandemonium in the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard Street, recently, when they staged a protest against the confirmation of Dr. J. C. Wand as Bishop of London. There was silence as the new Bishop headed the procession into the church, but as soon as the Vicar-General, Sir Philip Baker-Wilbraham, took his seat, a woman cried out: "I protest against this appointment." Other people took up the words and continued to shout throughout the service. All the objectors were members of the National Union of Protestants or the Protestant Truth Society. The Rev. W. St. Clair-Taylor, who organised the demonstration, said that the protest was made because of the Catholic sympathies of the new Bishop

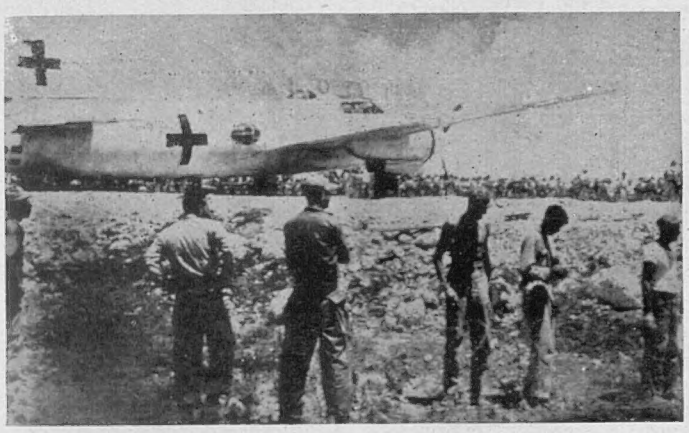
THE PROTEST SCENE IN THE CHURCH during the confirmation of the new Bishop of London

THE REV. W. ST. CLAIR-TAYLOR, of the National Union of Protestants, who organised the demonstration, delivering a speech in the church

The SURRENDER of the JAPS

First Radio Pictures from Ie Shima and Manila

THE JAP SURRENDER PLANE REACHES THE ISLAND OF IE SHIMA : A guard of M.P.s flank the landing field as the delegates fly in to the tiny island on the first stage of their journey to Manila



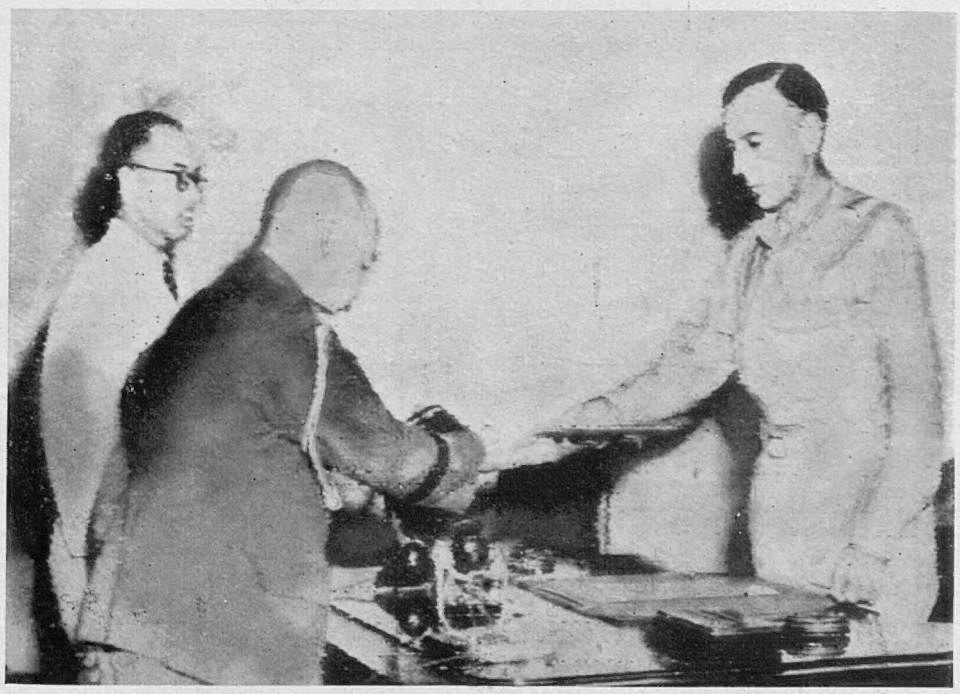
THE WHITE PLANE MARKED WITH GREEN CROSSES is here seen after it had touched down on Ie Shima : The Jap delegates were then transferred to an American transport plane

THE JAP DELEGATION ARRIVES IN MANILA : Filing out of the C54 on arrival. The Jap officer leading his party is Lieut.-General Takashiro. The others in the group are not named

AFTER THE ARRIVAL AT MANILA, THE JAP DELEGATION ARE LED OFF THE AIRFIELD : Major-General Charles A. Willoughby, of General MacArthur's staff and head of the American reception party (on right), is leading the Jap surrender team after arrival at Nicholls Field from Ie Shima. The Japs in this picture have not been identified

A JAP ENVOY LANDS AT IE SHIMA BEARING A FLORAL TRIBUTE : When the Surrender Delegation of sixteen men landed on the island of Okinawa, pomp and ceremony on the part of the Japs was the order of the day. Here two of the emissaries are shown near the plane. One of the members of the crew had brought a bouquet of flowers—obviously a Japanese peace-offering : another member of the crew is seen immediately behind him. The surrender envoys went from Ie to Manila in an American C54 transport. After the Manila talks, the Jap delegation then returned to Tokyo with the terms

MEMBERS OF THE JAP SURRENDER PARTY ARE HERE BEING GREETED BY MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES A. WILLOUGHBY (on right) on arrival at Nicholls Field in Manila : The latter was one of the first targets to be attacked by Jap bombers in the assault on the Philippines in the early days of the war

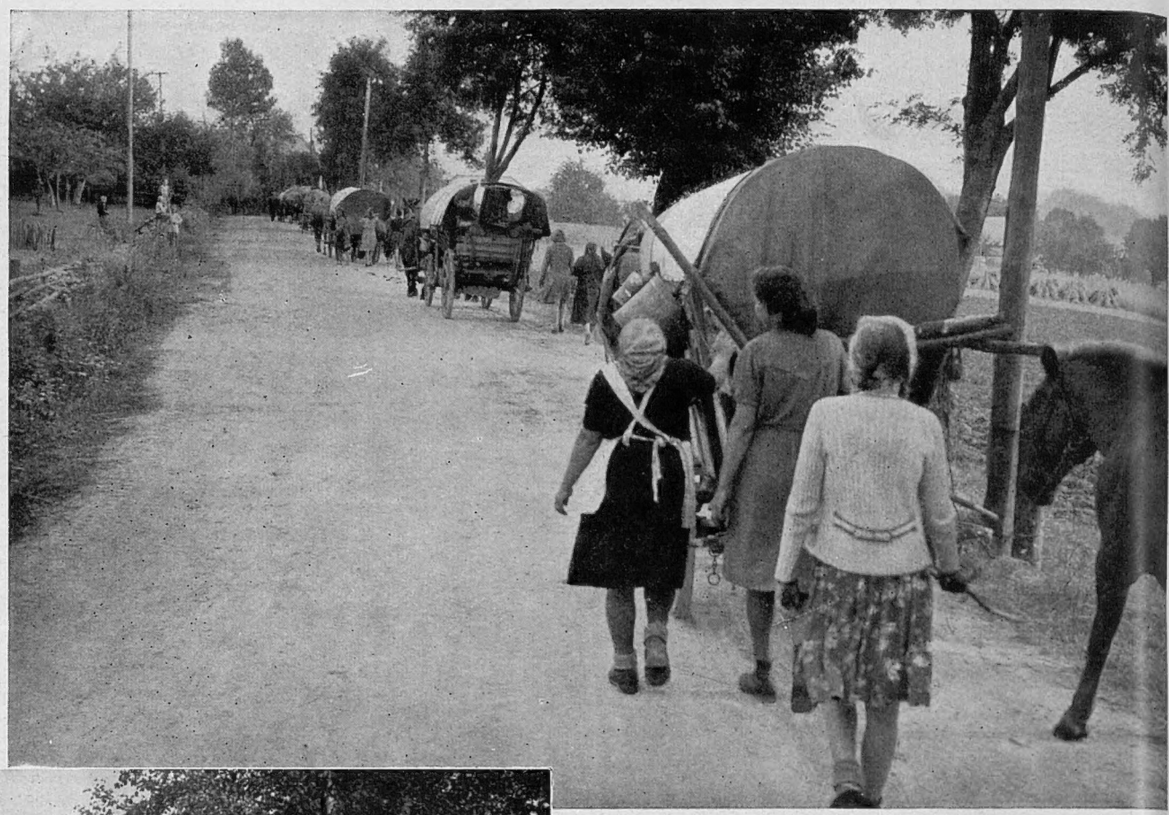


THE ACTUAL SURRENDER : Performing the traditional ceremonial bow of the Japanese, General Torashiro Kawabe, leader of the Surrender Delegation and Vice-Chief of the Japanese Imperial Staff, is here presenting his credentials to Lieut.-General Richard K. Sutherland, Chief of Staff to General MacArthur, on his arrival at General Headquarters in Manila. He came to receive the Supreme Commander's orders for the surrender and occupation of Japan. The first talks took five hours, but General MacArthur himself did not participate. Later the Jap delegates flew back to their own country with the surrender terms in their pocket

The GERMANS are Forced Out of CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

And Other Recent Photographs from Germany

Those Silesians who fled to Czechoslovakia ahead of the advancing Russians during the last days of the war are now being returned to their homes behind the Russian lines, after realising that the German propaganda concerning Russian "terrorism" was not true. Americans have been instructed to conduct them to the Russian Military Zone, where Red Army men will take over and see them resettled in their former villages. Starting from the Czech town of Strakonice, the Silesians are travelling in vehicles of every description. With them on their long trek go their four hundred farm animals. The plan, which is to free Czechoslovakia of all German refugees, is now being carried out so that one cause of future war may be eliminated



THE TREK BACK TO THEIR HOMES BY SILESIANS WHO FLED BEFORE THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE: Families walk beside their covered waggons as the long journey from Czechoslovakia begins

A SCENE AT THE BIVOUAC AREA DURING THE TREK HOME: Hundreds of covered waggons are massed together, while German women and children await the order to start their homeward trek into Germany

A GERMAN MOTHER PREPARES A MEAL FOR HER YOUNGSTERS before setting out from Czechoslovakia: in her bivouac, she has removed her shoes for greater ease

BERLIN WOMEN CLEAR UP THE RUBBLE IN THE STREETS: Women are helping to clear away the rubble brought about by the bombing and shelling of the German capital. They receive 4½d. an hour for their work, and are often glad to take on the job, as an escape from boredom. Here a party of them are seen at work in the British-occupied sector of Berlin

VICTORY-OVER-JAPAN DAY IN BERLIN—but no joy amongst the Berliners! People in the capital showed no enthusiasm when the news of Japan's surrender reached stricken Berlin; it was not until noon on VJ-Day, when newspapers appeared on the streets, that most people heard of the end of the war in the East. Here is one of the queues in the Unter den Linden as the first editions of the newspapers arrived, giving the Germans their first news of Japan's surrender

THE AMERICANS "CLEAN-UP" IN THE CITY OF NUREMBERG: Armed with a Sten gun, an American policeman stands guard over some of the women after they had been taken from their homes: In an effort to clean up the city of Nuremberg, military police of the First American Division recently carried out a flying raid on the lower quarters of the city, where many undesirable women have taken up their residence and ply their trade. Many girls were rounded up and taken to the local police station. The raid was made during a heavy downpour, and the women were removed from the district in open-top trucks. They spent the night in cells, awaiting a medical examination on the following morning

AFTER THE NUREMBERG RAID: German girls and women show their identity cards to an American officer after being taken to the local police-station for examination and questioning

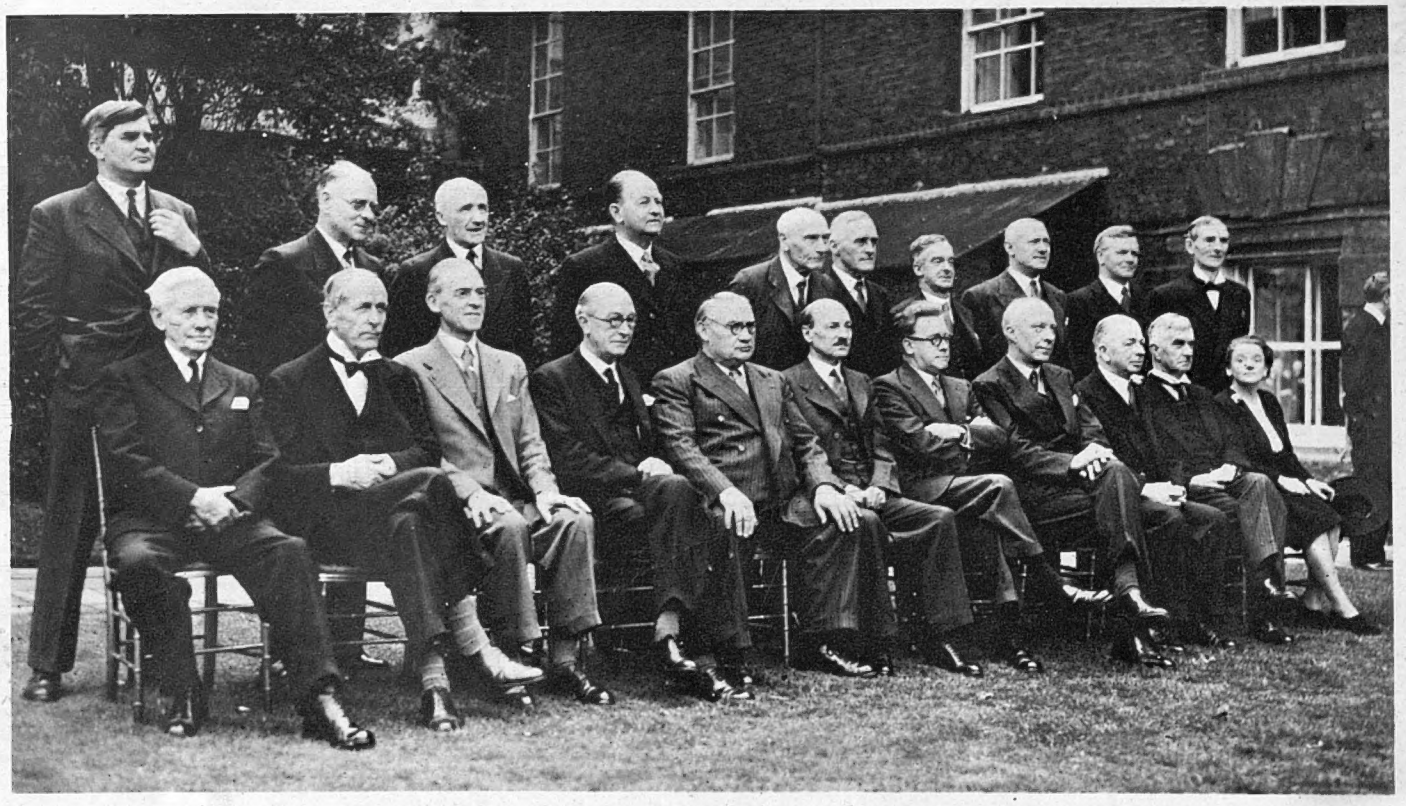
THE BERLIN GIRLS ARE STILL VERY SMART: Here are two, wearing smart summer frocks, with high-heeled shoes and handbags which would find a ready sale in England—if any were to be had!

Although they may have to line up for hours in the queues, and although they may have to live in half-bombed houses, the German girls in Berlin are still better dressed than anywhere else on the war-stricken Continent. They had, in fact, hardly felt the universal European shortages in everything until their country collapsed into surrender

AT AN U.N.R.R.A. CAMP FOR DISPLACED PERSONS IN WIESBADEN—children attend their first Communion: The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration is operating a "Displaced Persons" camp for about 7,000 refugees in Wiesbaden. The inmates have come from all parts of Europe; they include about 1,000 children. All are housed in former German Army barracks, and they live in group communities based on nationality. Each community operates its own schools and group activities. The camp also has its hospital, co-operative store, recreation areas and theatre. This self-governing camp is under the direction of an U.N.R.R.A. official of Czech nationality, who is aided by a staff of English, Dutch, French and Belgian nationals. In this picture children at the camp, who have just made their first communion, are listening to a missionary father recite prayers before partaking of food specially prepared for the occasion

AN OUTFIT LIKE THIS WOULD COST A FORTUNE ANYWHERE IN EUROPE! This Berlin fraulein wears an original pair of high-wedge shoes in scarlet and white; a floral, and very full, skirt; and a scarlet blouse "with high Russian neckline"

TAKEN IN THE GARDEN AT NO. 10 DOWNING STREET: MINISTERS OF THE NEW CABINET, WHO WILL ADMINISTER THE AFFAIRS OF THE STATE FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS. This is one of a number of pictures taken during a "photographic call" last week. Under-Secretaries are not included in the group



THE NEW LABOUR GOVERNMENT

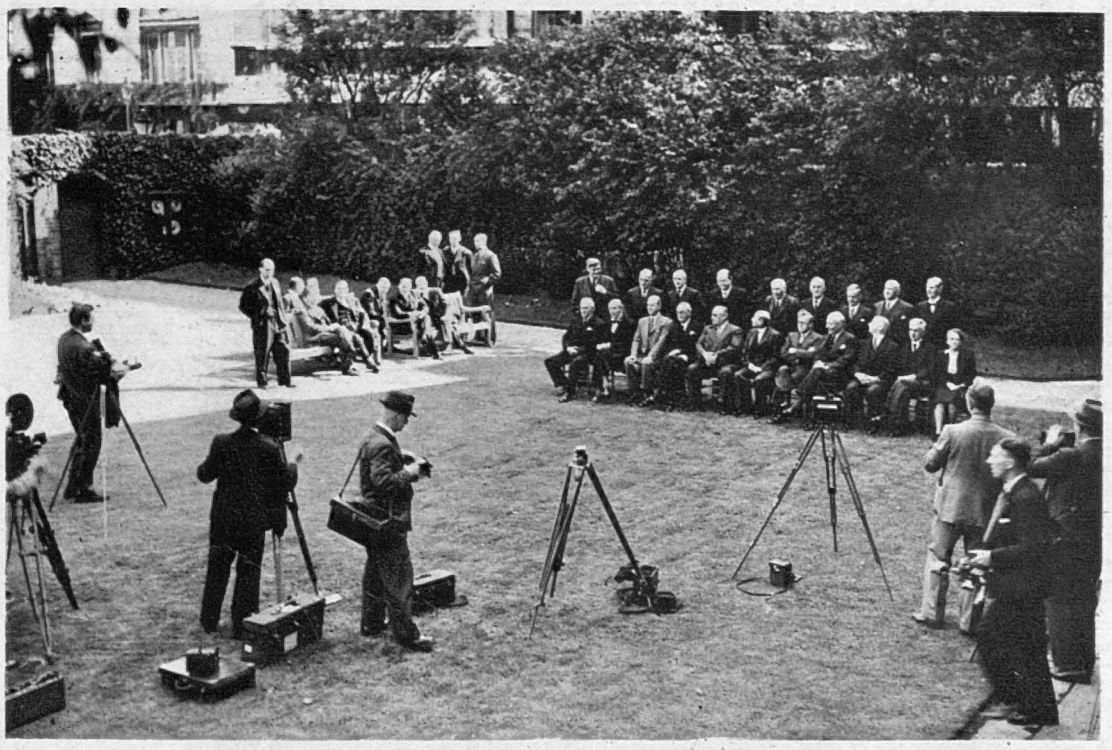
A Group Showing All the Chief Ministers of Mr. Attlee's Administration

On left—**SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL MINISTERS, in a specially-posed group.** In front—Lord Addison, Lord Jowitt, Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Bevin, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Dalton, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Ede, and Miss Wilkinson. Behind—Mr. Bevan, Mr. Isaacs, Lord Stansgate, Mr. Hall, Lord Pethick Lawrence, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Westwood, Mr. Shinwell, Mr. E. J. Williams and Mr. T. Williams

Seated in the front are (from left to right)—The Rt. Hon. Viscount Addison (Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs); the Rt. Hon. Lord Jowitt (Lord Chancellor); the Rt. Hon. Sir Stafford Cripps (President of the Board of Trade); the Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood (Lord Privy Seal); the Rt. Hon. Ernest Bevin (Foreign Secretary); the Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee (Prime Minister); the Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison (Lord President of the Council); the Rt. Hon. Hugh Dalton (Chancellor of the Exchequer); the Rt. Hon. A. V. Alexander (First Lord of the Admiralty); the Rt. Hon. Chuter Ede (Secretary of State for the Home Department); and the Rt. Hon. Ellen Wilkinson (Minister of Education)

Standing in the second row are—The Rt. Hon. Sir Ben Smith (Minister of Food); the Rt. Hon. John Wilmot (Minister of Supply and of Aircraft Production); the Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan (Minister of Health); the Rt. Hon. G. A. Isaacs (Minister of Labour and National Service); the Rt. Hon. Viscount Stansgate (Secretary of State for Air); the Rt. Hon. G. H. Hall (Secretary of State for the Colonies); the Rt. Hon. Lord Pethick Lawrence (Secretary of State for India and Burma); the Rt. Hon. J. J. Lawson (Secretary of State for War); the Rt. Hon. J. Westwood (Secretary of State for Scotland); the Rt. Hon. Emmanuel Shinwell (Minister of Fuel and Power); the Rt. Hon. T. Williams (Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries); the Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Barnes (Minister of War Transport); and Mr. G. Tomlinson (Minister of Works)

Standing at the back are—The Rt. Hon. William Whiteley (Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury); Sir Edward Bridges (Secretary of the Cabinet); Sir F. Soskice (Solicitor-General); Mr. J. B. Hynd (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster); the Earl of Listowel (Postmaster-General); Mr. E. J. Williams (Minister of Information); Mr. Lewis Silkin (Town and Country Planning); Mr. J. Griffiths (National Insurance); Lord Winster (Civil Aviation); Mr. P. J. Noel Baker (Minister of State); the Rt. Hon. Wilfred Paling (Minister of Pensions); Sir Hartley Shawcross (Attorney-General); and Mr. Norman Brook (Assistant Secretary of the Cabinet)



THE MEMBERS OF THE CABINET ARE POSED FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHERS: The scene in the garden of No. 10 as the first group of actors are ranged before the cameras. Performers in the second act are waiting at the left for their turn to come. The result of the above effort is shown in the picture on the left-hand page. The full cast of performers is shown in the larger group above

The MASTER VILLAINS of NUREMBERG

A Pre-view of the Forthcoming Trials of Hitler's Henchmen in the Former Nazi "Rally" City

By FERDINAND TUOHY

NOT one of the hundred and more journalists who crowded into the Salon de l'Horloge at the Quai d'Orsay seventeen years ago to the week had the remotest inkling of the first use to which would be put the international instrument whose signing was the cause of their presence.

There was scepticism about the Kellogg Pact's capacity to stop war. It even mounted to ridicule in my hearing. Alternately, high hopes shone in surrounding eyes. Hadn't old Kellogg managed to get twenty-eight nations to sign, and wasn't he American, and weren't we still *dans le temps de Locarno*? But none present that day—not even Briand, of Breton instinct—had the wit to foresee that the Kellogg Pact would first operate not in stopping war, but in punishing those who should launch the next one. When the big-shot Nazis enter the dock at Nuremberg, that is how it will be: the clock of the Salon de l'Horloge will tick above them. For these major accused, "whose offences have no particular geographical location," are not going to be tried for acts, however murderous, that violate the recognised laws of war or the established criminal code. The nature of the indictment—waging an aggressive war as an act of national policy—is a direct throw-back to the 1928 Pact of Paris; so much so, that it is expected the prosecution will deal mainly with specific infractions of treaties or conventions, and of the agreed rules controlling the intercourse of nations. All "Kellogg."

At one time the American Judge Jackson—who has been the moving figure pressing the trials, if he drew very fully on a 1944 Czech scheme—planned to put all Germany's leaders in the dock together, from the Army and State, industry and finance, Gestapo and S.S. This would have been grand for the flashlight boys, but not for the law's majesty, which is in for a tortuous time of it, anyway.

In the first place, the four officer judges—American, Russian, British, French, and probably of major-general's rank—are to interpret a procedure deriving from a compromise admixture of the law as administered in each of their countries. Next, this salad will require to be interpreted into each of their languages, plus into German, which should progressively thin out the phalanx of 250 correspondents of all nations except the one being tried, and for whom hut accommodation is being prepared outside the flattest ruin of a town in the U.S. zone.

But it is right that the Nazi Rally City should have been chosen, and it would be righter still if the public gallery were reserved for survivors of that select international company which used to rally to Nuremberg each September at the Führer's gracious summons, after, in most cases, having fished for the invitation.

The really tortuous side of things is not apparent, however, until one realises that the constitution of the court itself springs from conquest, unlike the laws that it will administer, and that critics will not be lacking to aver that the victors are trying to "mask revenge in the forms of law" (*Times*). They will have the premise to go upon that discrimination between law and policy is fundamental to justice, and that at Nuremberg the two are being mixed in an abnormal and arbitrary manner. Guilt will be fixed on persons for the acts of nations for the first time since Napoleon (whose arbitrary removal was mainly a preventive act).

And not only that. It can be argued that there is something in the nature of retrospective criminal legislation about the whole business; that the law had not provided any punishment for what these men did, up to the time they did it. But I shall get myself in the tortuosities of the blitzed Temple if I go on much longer like this, although I should like to mention one other item: the piquancy of meteoric Mr. Shawcross proceeding on the English assumption of the prisoners' innocence until proved guilty, and his being followed by Maître X proceeding on the opposite postulate.

It is proposed to try the accused in batches, which is obviously indicated in view of the fact that the stale Nazi cream in the dock will not all be answering identical charges. If between forty and fifty of all kinds are assembled at Nuremberg—political, administrative, military, diplomatic—the opening trial could be of rather more than a dozen of the Party big-shots—those whose behaviour cannot be bounded by geography—such as Goering, Ribbentrop, Ley, Bohle, Seyss-Inquart, Papen, Meissner, Frick, Darre, Daluege, Frank, Funk, Seldte, Sauckel and Hess. Whether one or two of the Wehrmacht chiefs will be added to this *galère* is delicate to answer.

Keitel, for instance, while pleading that he merely did what Hitler ordered, and was ignorant of atrocities until after the surrender, adds that he remains a faithful follower of the Führer *quand même*. Kesselring offers another nice problem. He was an out-and-out bull Nazi apart from his military operations, and cannot plead ignorance of Dachau, Lidice, Oramour, *unsoweiter*; indeed, were I a barrister, I should keep some comments handy for any of this crowd who said they didn't know. And Jodl, weary map-plotter so long photographed beside the Führer—is it thinkable that such as he was also in permanent, blithe ignorance? And Führer the Second Doenitz, did he inherit his master's mantle in utter ignorance of the horror camps, details of which were aired—the word—long before the end?

There will be some notable absentees besides the wraiths of Hitler and his faithful-unto—? Goebbels, Model, Brauchitsch (in village retirement in Friesland, although he was to have put over the atrocity administration in Britain), and at least three other Marshals—the airman Sperrle among them, I fancy, though it is difficult to say precisely all the ones we have got. Maybe the super-security boys will spring some surprise faces, like Hitler's white-headed boy, Speer, or Horace Greely Schacht, although the big boss of I.G. Farben is unlikely to be disturbed from his reposeful sojourn near the Main. There is a Darlenesque hangover in parts of Germany, which is the one thing that people who don't like Communism should avoid; as for the Communists, they must love it.

Then, again, nobody has given a full and authenticated list of the Nazi high-ups in Russian hands, nor have I seen it plainly declared that the Russians intend to yield their captives to Nuremberg. They have Bormann and Greiser and other gauleiters, besides Raeder, who, however, is being very useful, giving the Russians Baltic lessons, and is unlikely to join the master-sinners of Nuremberg. But let us hope that the Russian prosecutor will not fail to give us a western performance of the abject *mea culpa* as extracted from the dock, so that we may form fresh conclusions from close-up on how it 's done. Should the Russian prosecutor get Bormann abjectly confessing all, it might be catching and lead to Goering following suit.

For Goering is in a very resigned frame of mind, no longer feeling of this world, though I must hand him praise for nudging the somnolence-pretending Ribbentrop in the ribs as they were flying over the Rhine on their way from Luxembourg to Nuremberg, and saying: "Have a good look at it, because it may be the last time you 'll see it."

This brings one to the likely bearing and attitude of the ex-big shots and information percolated from Stockade 3 at Mondorf, giving us some clues. Only Goering and interpreter Schmidt have blamed Hitler—for the concentration camps—yet I shall be surprised if the former is drawn into a repetition in court, because he once swore to his dying Swedish Karin that he would never betray the Führer. Hermann knows he will not be long of this vale, if only for on account of his notorious outburst: "I 'm not here to administer, but to destroy, to exterminate. . . . Kill! Kill! Kill! Not you shall answer for this, but I."

If there are any craven scenes, I 'll back Ribbentrop to be not far off them. You get the reverse in the cold lawyer, Seyss-Inquart, who proposes, so it is said, to take responsibility for all that happened under his régimes in Austria and Holland. But most of batch one are expected to follow the line: "I only acted under orders from above," leaving it at that, so as not to drag in the Führer. In one or two cases the plea may be embellished, as labour-driver and slave-killer Sauckel has given signs of doing: "My only crime is that I loved Germany."

And Hans Franck, governor of the deceased Polish Warthland, may turn on the late Himmler, though nothing will save one-eyed Franck, because the idea seems to be that, after Nuremberg has tried him, he is to be handed on to the Czechs for a second trying.

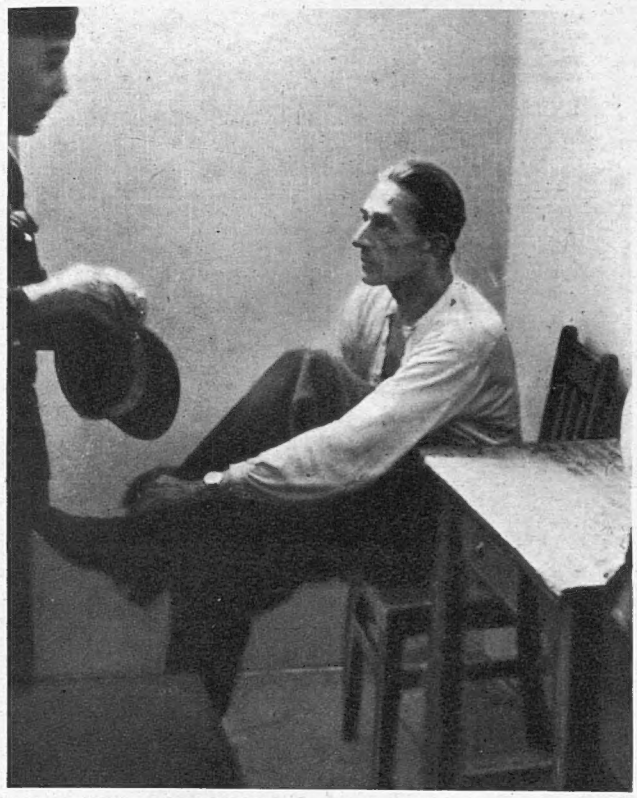
A friend who observed the principal accused in Stockade 3 told me that he expected sharp exchanges, and maybe passionate shouting, to break out in the dock if anyone says too much or gives a fellow-prisoner the lie. They should be allowed to crack on. Even if the British judge should deem it unseemly, I 'm sure his French opposite wouldn't, and anyone who followed the Pétain trial professionally cannot be criticised for wishing the prisoners to open their mouths.

It would be too bad if the whole batch followed Philippe and kept mum; but stranger things could happen than precisely that, so let us hope their journalist gaoler did not show them the *Stars and Stripes* with accounts of a "deaf" and almost dumb accused. It will be interesting, in any case, to see how Goering conducts himself—whether he will repeat his deafening, bullying ranting of the Dimitrioff trial at Munich.

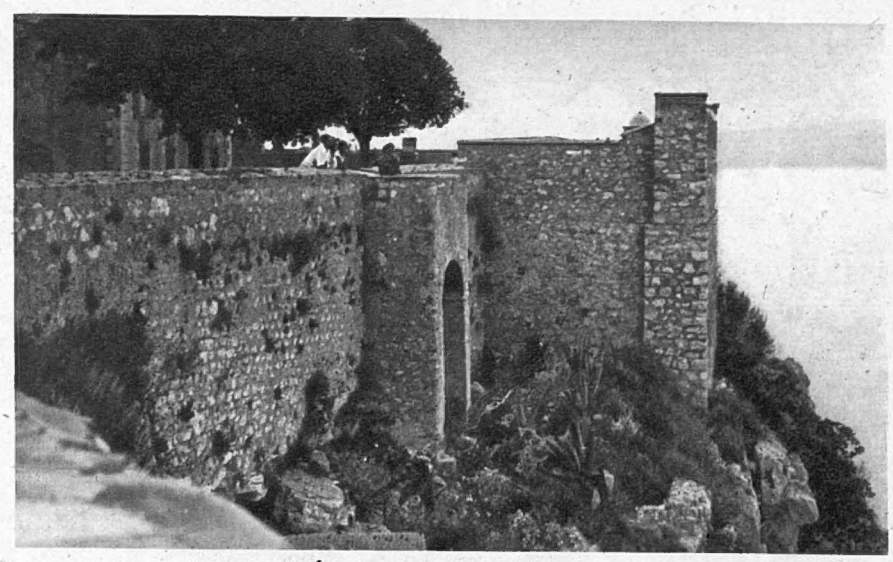
What will be the effect of the trials and sentences on the German people? Presumably they will be given summaries each day on the radio, and that further compressed versions will be posted on walls, taking up most of the daily M.G. bulletin in German. Well, I doubt if the Germans will take much notice, or, if they do, it will be difficult to discern the fact. Not one in a thousand has shown any sign of admitting guilt.

In my view, the younger Germans are waiting for Germany to go Communist, hoping that the occupation will dissolve under the impact, leaving the road open for a reaction on old Hitlerian lines, but this time backed by certain of the ex-Allies.

Finally, not all the accused will be sentenced to hanging—Rundstedt being a likely beneficiary of justice. In such cases, long terms of imprisonment will be ordered and much will depend on where this lot are sent. They should not be left in Europe, and what 's wrong with a camp on the Andamans?



THE BUTCHER OF LIDICE is searched in his prison cell: K. H. Frank, who is accused of terrible persecution of the Czech people during the war and is held responsible for the destruction of the Czech village of Lidice, is here seen in his bare prison cell in Prague, where he will come up for trial. The garment examination is very thorough, even the lining of his hat being searched



THE LAST HOME OF PHILIPPE PÉTAIN—L'Ile Sainte Marguerite, in Cannes Bay: A view of the fort where Pétain is to serve his sentence of life imprisonment, commuted from death by General de Gaulle. Pétain was first imprisoned in the Fort of La Portalet, near Pau, but is to be removed from there owing to the region's severe winter climate. Among the former prisoners of L'Ile Sainte Marguerite were the famous "Man in the Iron Mask" and Marshal Bazaine, who was sentenced for treason in 1873 after the Franco-Prussian War

JET PLANES BY THE HUNDRED UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN CALIFORNIA—

JET-PROPELLED PLANES

By Mass Production in the U.S.

—A scene in the Burbank assembly factory of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation

The American Army's first jet-propelled combat plane, the P80 Shooting Star, is here shown in mass production on the mechanised assembly line at the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation's factory in Burbank, in the Pacific Coast state of California. The single turbo-jet engine is installed in the tail of the plane: its armament of six 50-calibre machine-guns is located in the plane's nose, for the most effective concentration of fire-power. The propellerless Shooting Star has a speed in excess of 500 miles per hour and a service ceiling of more than 45,000 ft. The plastic, free-flow bubble-canopy, combined with the location of the cockpit forward of the wing and the slender lines of the nose, all give the pilot fine visibility for every type of manœuvre. The P80 is 34 ft. 6 ins. in length, has a wing span of 30 ft. and is 11 ft. 4 ins. from the ground to the tip of the rudder. With the use of an interchangeable nose equipped with photographic equipment, the plane can also serve for high-speed photo-reconnaissance. With auxiliary fuel-tanks attached to the wing-tips, the Shooting Star is capable of carrying out missions now handled by long-range fighters.

A FUTILE JAPANESE WEAPON LAUNCHED AGAINST THE UNITED STATES: A bomb-carrying balloon caught in a tree in Kansas. For many months before the end of the war, the Japs "bombarded" the coastal states of America with "weapons" such as this. They served little useful purpose and caused but the slightest damage and casualties. This one had penetrated farther into the interior than most, having reached the Middle West State of Kansas. It is composed of five layers of oiled paper and had travelled some thousands of miles

THE ONLY JAP BALLOON TO LAND IN KANSAS DURING THE WAR: The balloon measured 35 ft. in diameter; when found, no bombs were attached to it, and it had done no damage. The balloon came down near the town of Bigelow

THE RUSSIAN THRUSTS TOWARDS MUKDEN AND PORT ARTHUR, AND THE RACE FOR THE CAPITAL CITY OF PEKING : As well as the Russians, both Marshal Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Communists were hastening towards Peking. The Russians ignored the Japanese surrender offers for some days and continued to advance on all fronts in Manchuria—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE RUSSIAN CONQUEST OF MANCHURIA

The Country Invaded and Overrun at Many Points, whilst the Japs were Still Discussing Surrender

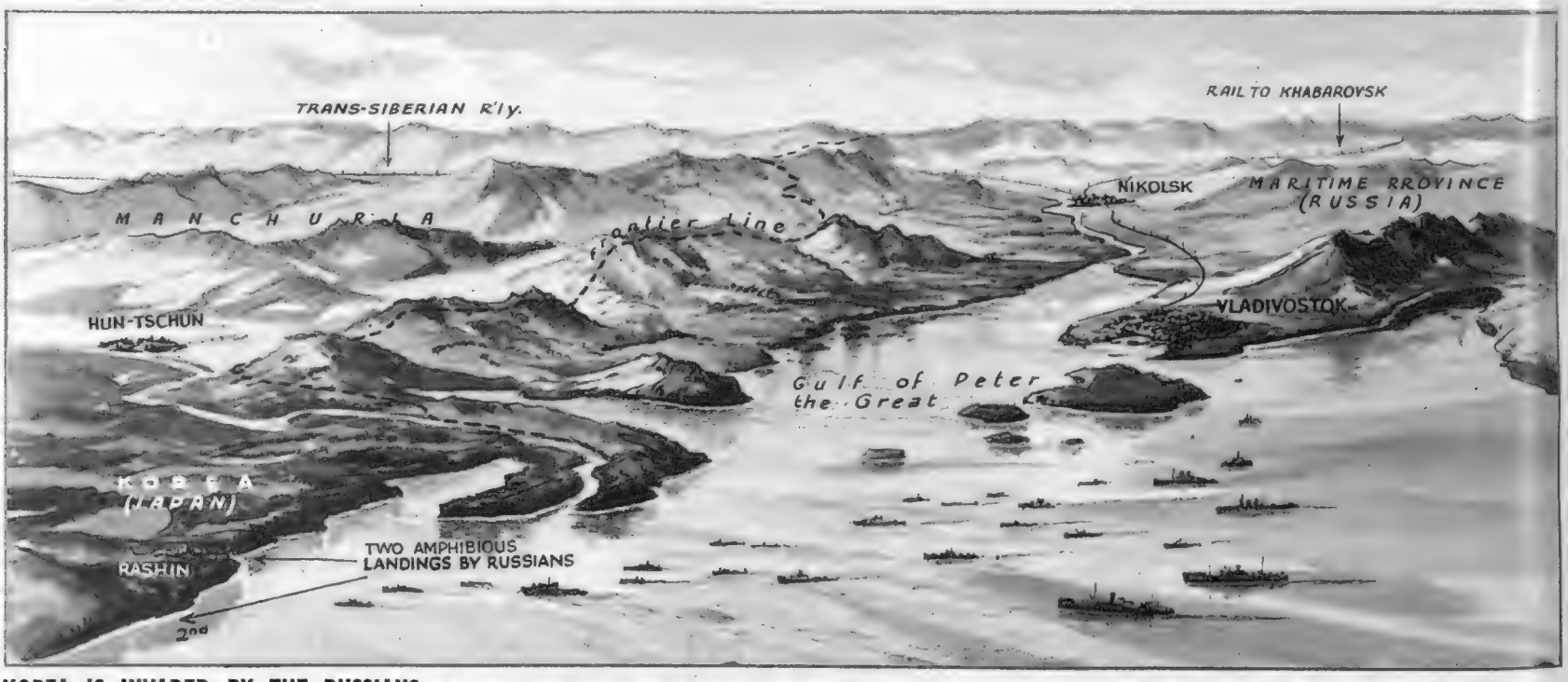
—*Special Sphere Drawings*

Six days before Japan surrendered, Russia declared war upon her, in fulfilment of a promise made to the Allies to join with them against the Far Eastern enemy when the war in Europe was over. China had been at war with Japan for eight years, and America and Great Britain since December 7, 1941. Russia entered the war with vigour with full military force, and with all the experience gained against Germany.

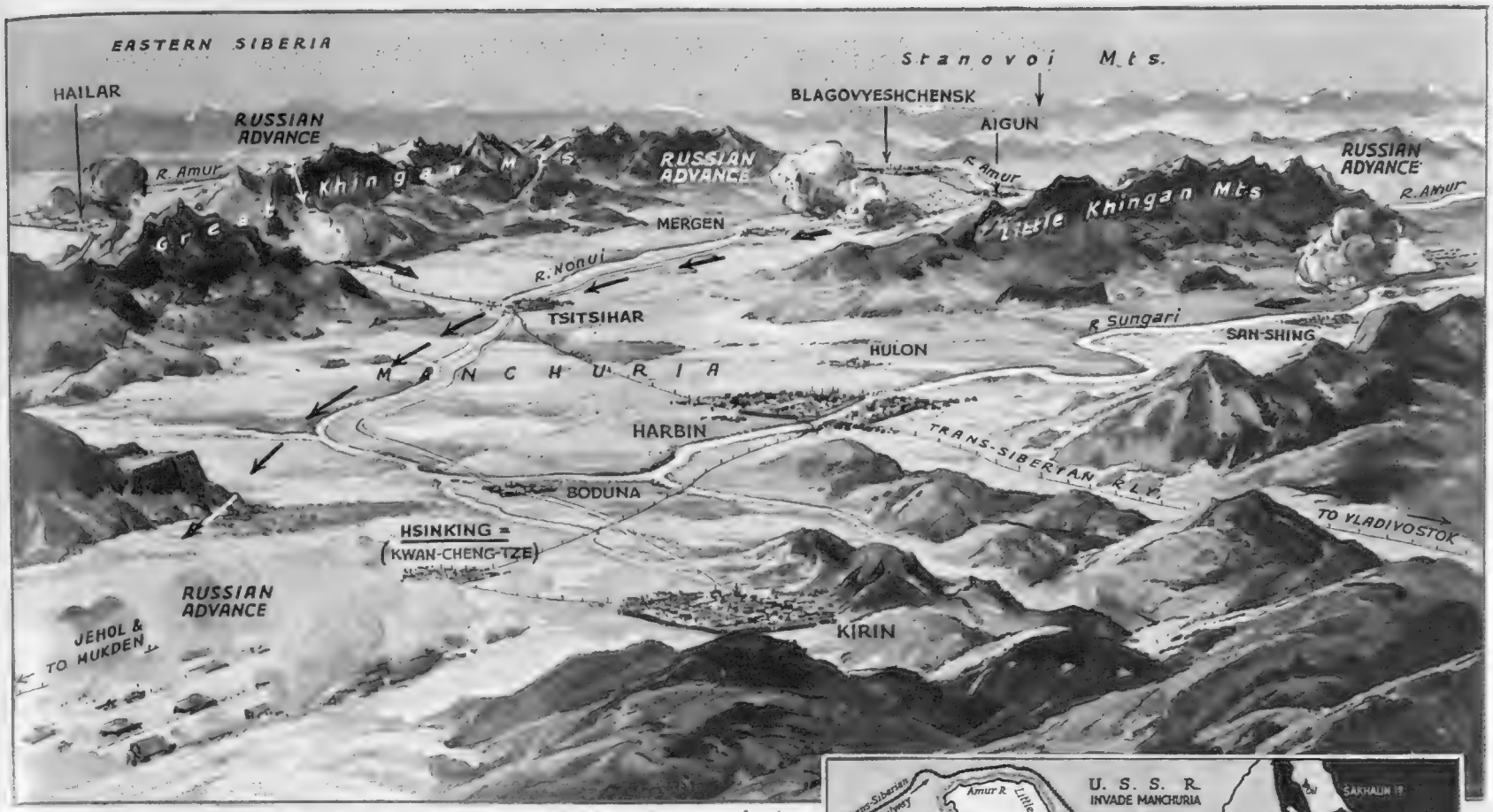
She attacked from three main points with the intention of enveloping Manchuria—from the Transbaikal district on the west; across the Amur River (where a good gunboat service was maintained), along the Sungari River, tributary of the Amur; and from the Maritime Province (acquired from China in 1860).

They met a limited form of resistance, for the Japanese were already near the end, and did not put up the fanatical defence shown in Burma, the Philippines and New Guinea. The Red Armies were able to sweep on, covering great distances, finding good tank country in Northern Manchuria, but complaining of the difficulties of the terrain in the Maritime Province area, where was mountainous and wooded country, bad roads and a climate which changed rapidly from torrid heat to chilly winds, and with bursts of torrential rain. But in spite of these drawbacks, the Soviet forces

MARSHAL MERETSKOV, the Russian Commander-in-Chief on the 1st Far Eastern Front



KOREA IS INVADED BY THE RUSSIANS IN TWO SURPRISE AMPHIBIOUS LANDINGS ACROSS THE GULF OF PETER THE GREAT, NEAR VLADIVOSTOK. Rashin, in Northern Korea, is a naval base; Yuki, near by, is a Jap-held port. By their capture in a daring amphibious operation, the Russians forestalled a possible Jap threat to their own base at Vladivostok. Soviet assault troops went ashore in waves from ships hidden in the darkness off the coast. The Japanese are reported to have fled in panic, abandoning armaments, munitions and supplies—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*



THE THRUST THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS AND ACROSS THE AMUR RIVER INTO THE JAP-HELD TERRITORY OF MANCHURIA : The Russians advanced from Mongolia through the Great Khingan Mountains, and from Siberia through the Little Khingan Mountains, to close in on Harbin—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

captured a large city on the Sungari River ; Manchuli and Harlar, on the way to Harbin ; and made landings on Korea, capturing the port of Rashin. The Russians sent airborne troops to Mukden, Harbin and other chief places in Manchuria, and occupied them after the main enemy forces had surrendered.

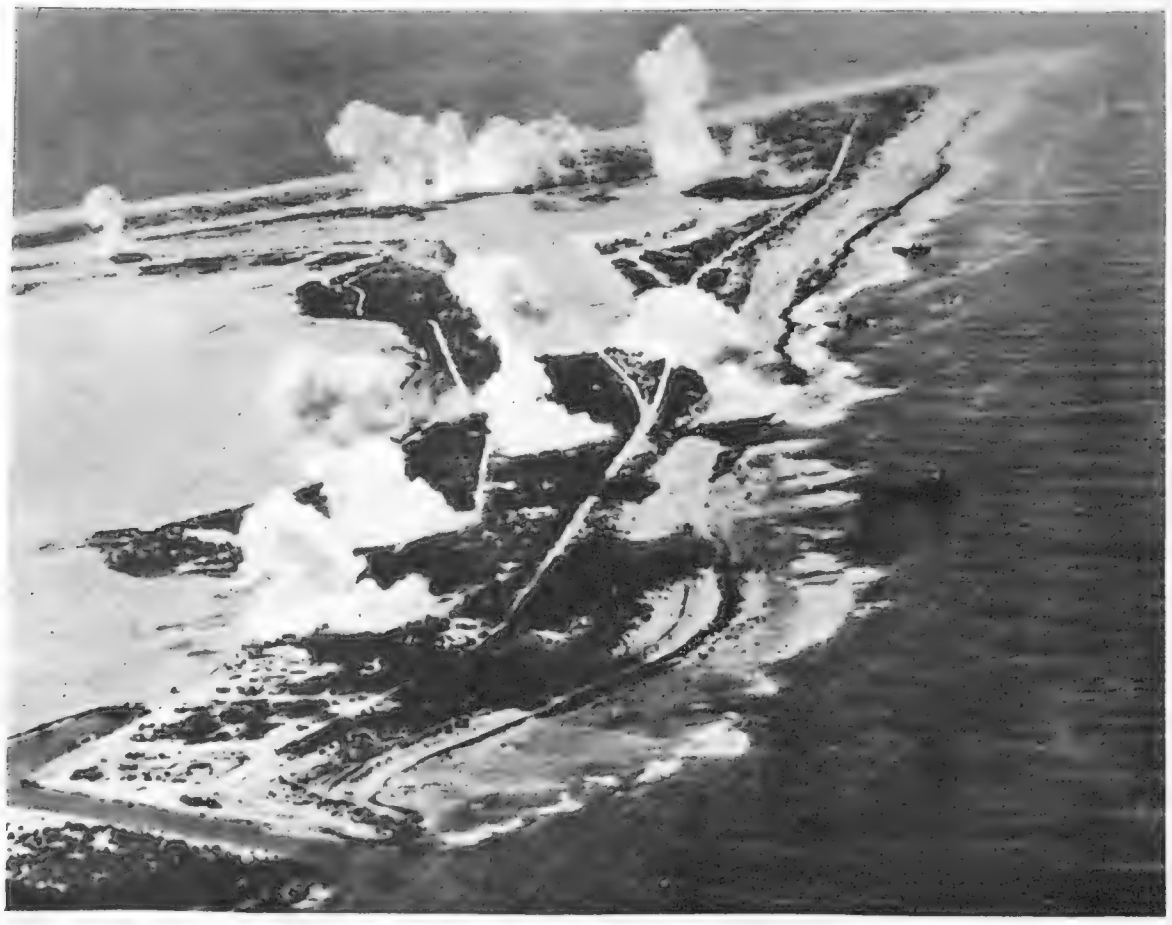
A treaty has just been signed in Moscow between the Soviet and the Chungking Government, in which full agreement is said to have been reached. The terms are not yet known, but it took some time before alliance could be effected. Russia is thought to be claiming the return of all the power and influence she possessed before she was defeated by Japan. This would mean the full possession of Sakhalin Island, the return of Port Arthur, and the control of the Chinese Eastern railway.

***On right*—A KEY MAP, showing how the Russians overran Manchuria within a few days of their Declaration of War against Japan**

RUSSIAN TROOPS PENETRATE THE GREAT KHINGAN MOUNTAINS AND THE ANCIENT WALL OF GHENGIZ KHAN AT ITS BASE on their forced march into Manchuria : The advance towards the Central Plain of Manchuria was made at a surprising pace, in view of the roughness of the country and the suicide stands of pockets of the Japanese Kwantung Army. In four days the flying vanguards of the army commanded by Marshal Malinovsky had advanced 400 miles on the road towards Harbin and the Central Manchurian Plain—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

"THE NERVE AND BRAIN CENTRE OF THE PACIFIC WAR"—The scene on the island of Guam as the American forces on the island awaited the news of the surrender of the Japs: This small island is the headquarters of Admiral Nimitz, the Pacific Commander-in-Chief—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Before the war, and before the Japanese attacks on Pearl Harbour and Guam, the latter island was one of the American bases in the Pacific Ocean. In December 1941 President Roosevelt informed Congress that the base had been "virtually destroyed." The U.S. Navy Department also announced that it was unable to communicate with Guam, which was defended by a small force of 155 Marines and less than 400 naval personnel, and that it was probable that the enemy had captured it. That was in the dark days—when the Japs hoped to achieve by treachery what they have since demonstrated they could not achieve by force of arms. With the capture of island after island in the South-West and Central Pacific, the base at Guam again became a vital spot for the American Navy: and it was here that Admiral Nimitz established his headquarters for the final strokes against Japan. Before the news of the surrender, the island was throbbing with activity of every description. Ships rode at anchor in the big harbour, Allied officers and war correspondents on land were ready to move off, and the tension in every branch was intense as the British and American ships awaited the latest news. When surrender was announced, great were the rejoicings amongst the men who would have had to bear the brunt of the further Pacific battles, had the collapse not come when it did. Guam is the largest and most southerly of the Ladrone Islands, with a length of thirty-two miles and a breadth varying from four to ten miles: it is low and of coral formation in the south and hilly in the north



WAKE ISLAND UNDER ATTACK BEFORE THE SURRENDER OF THE JAPANESE: Enemy installations are here seen during the last attack carried out by a U.S. Carrier Task Force on June 20. It was at this lonely spot that a Marine garrison made a gallant stand during the early days of the Pacific war, when the Japs first launched invasion forces against the island. On July 6 the Navy Department in Washington announced that an American warship stood by, without firing a shot or attempting to take a prisoner, while the Japanese evacuated 974 sick and wounded military patients from the heavily-pounded and isolated island. Wake has an area of about one square mile: this highly important and strategic island will now, once again, revert to its rightful owners

PICTURES from the PACIFIC

Showing Scenes Amongst the Islands, Before the Surrender of the Japs

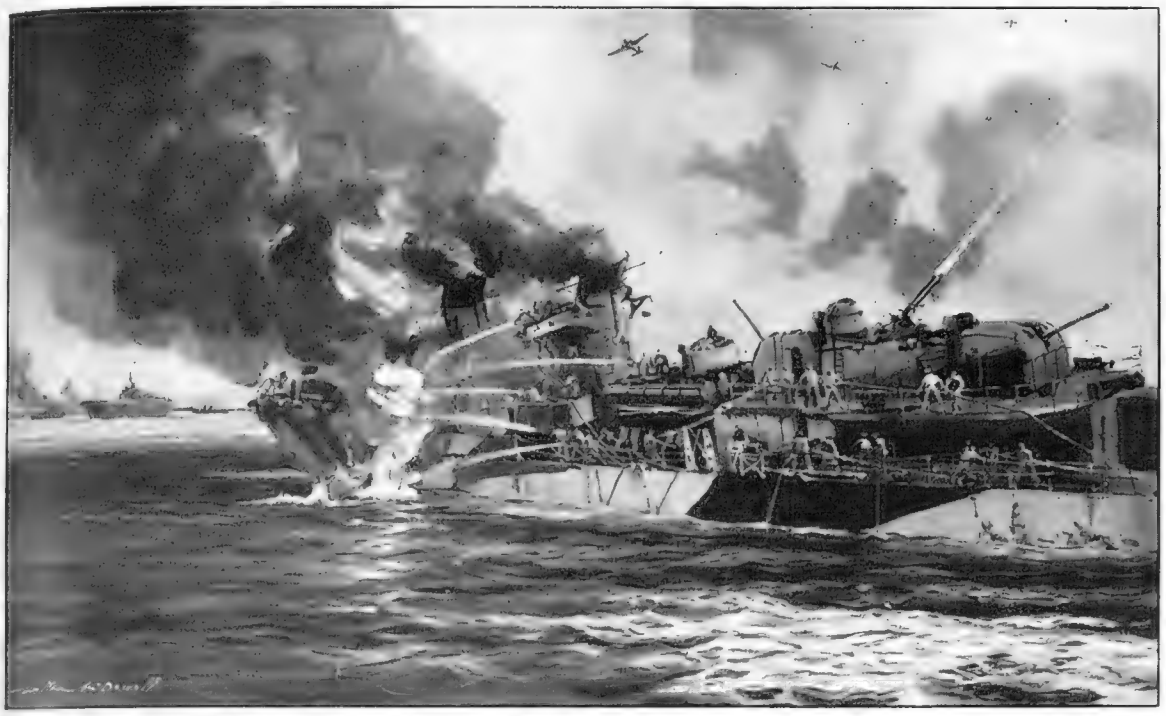
—With Special Sphere Drawings

***Drawing on right*—AN AMERICAN EXPERIMENT ON OKINAWA: A "superior race" of Japanese islanders presents a new problem**
—Drawing by W. G. Whitaker

Experiments in handling the Okinawans, which should be useful practice for what will have to be done when we get into Japan, are now being carried out by the American Military Administration, according to a despatch from Mr. Gordon Walker on Okinawa Island. There is a distinct difference between the two civilian populations. Okinawans are not, by and large, as advanced culturally as Japanese home subjects. At the same time, they are far from being in the same category as, for instance, the Solomon islanders or other peoples encountered in the push across the Pacific. They are highly adaptable and have a long cultural background drawn from Chinese-Melanesian antecedents, and in many cases are highly literate.

AN OKINAWAN CIVILIAN, who had taken refuge from the war in a deep cavern when his island was invaded, is brought out by U.S. Marines, who now have the job of rehabilitating the civilians

Okinawans who are congregated in half-a-dozen military government camps, have, however, never enjoyed the same full privileges as citizens of the home Japanese islands. The job being done now has two primary objectives: to keep civilian populations out of the path of the men who are building up this vast new Singapore of the Pacific, and to make civilians as self-sustaining as possible. So far, there has been no effort to re-establish Okinawan civil institutions. Some schools have been re-established with local teachers themselves learning a few words of English to pass on to the children. Strict watch is, however, maintained to prevent any recurrence of the former typical education system which taught military training and Emperor worship. The biggest job facing the Military Government is furnishing food.

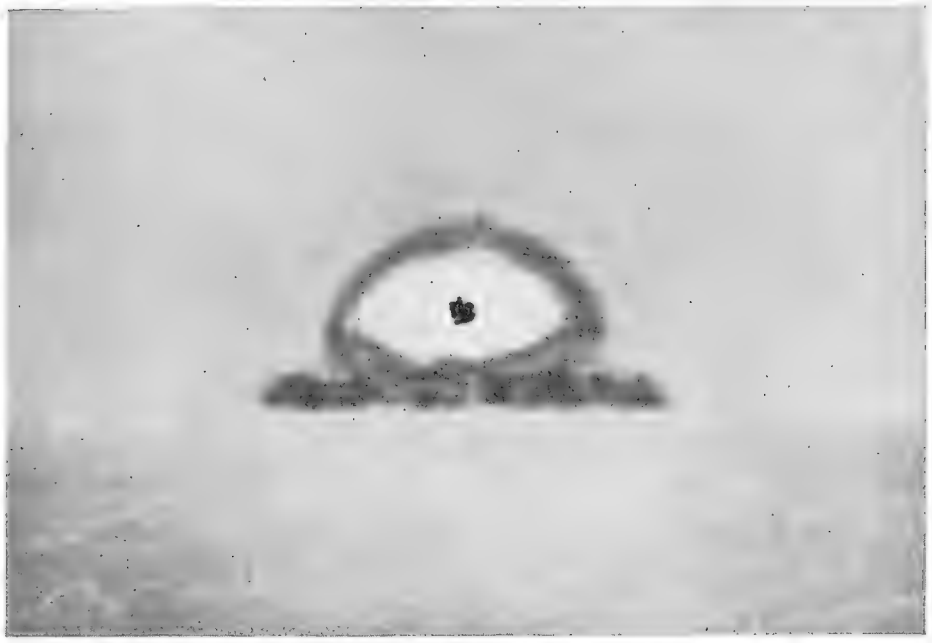


STILL ANOTHER SURVIVOR OF JAPANESE "KAMIKAZE" ATTACK—The American destroyer "Hazelwood" fights the fires caused by the bombers—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell* The *Hazelwood* was escorting a fast Carrier Striking Force off Okinawa on April 29, when she was struck by two Kamikaze (or suicide) planes which reduced the vessel's forward superstructure to a shambles. Smoking and idle in the Pacific swell, the crew fought courageously to save their ship and to put out the fires made by the still burning bomber embedded in her hull. Seventy-seven officers and men were found to be dead or "missing," but the destroyer was taken back to a west coast shipyard and repaired. She will soon be ready for service once again

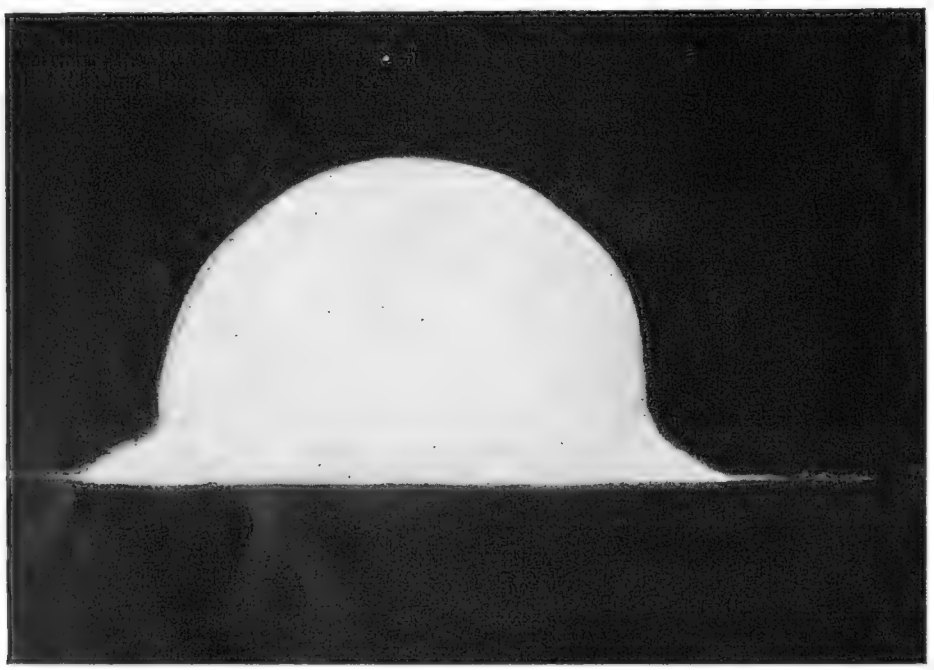
A VIEW OF THE DESTRUCTION WROUGHT ON BOARD THE "HAZELWOOD," with portions of the suicide bomber still embedded in the destroyer's superstructure

WESTERN WARSHIP COMES TO THE LONELY ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC: The scene as Jolo islanders in the Sulu Archipelago paddle out to greet an American vessel. Some have goods to barter, others merely wish to meet the strangers. The out-rigger canoes are typical of this part of the world

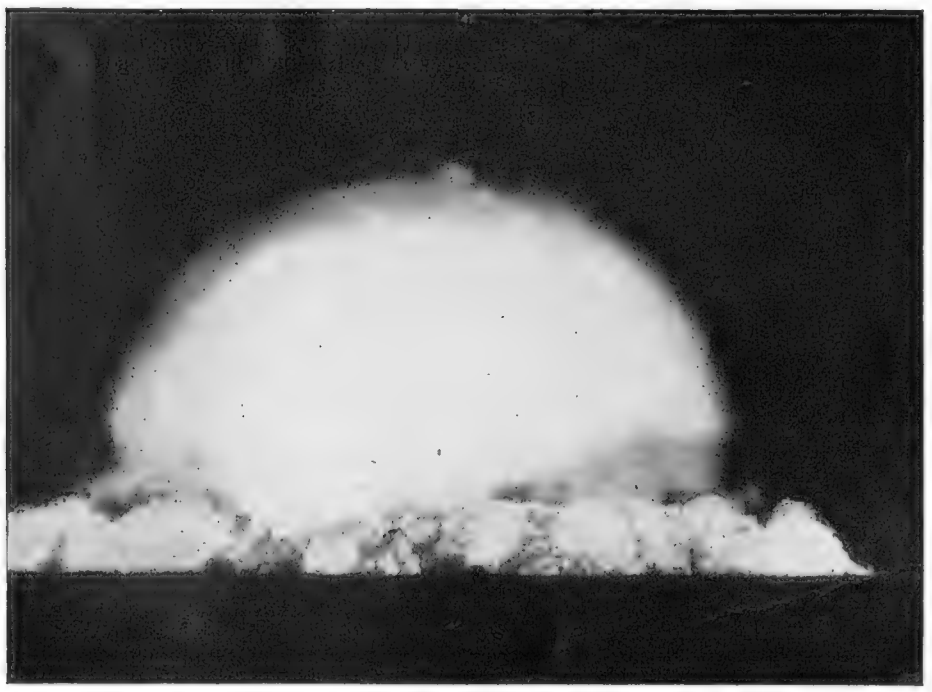
WOMEN OF A VILLAGE IN THE RYUKYU ISLANDS are being evacuated out of the path of the war by an American soldier: They carry all their worldly possessions on their backs in wicker baskets and cheap suitcases made out of paper. There is only one pair of boots visible in the whole group!



1—THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW MEXICO TEST EXPLOSION : A small cloud at first—like one preceding a hurricane—it quickly grows bigger, assuming an egg-shape. This picture was taken from a distance of six miles



3—THE UPHEAVAL NOW TAKES THE FORM OF A VAST IGLOO—but it is white-hot and glowing fiercely, even at a distance of six miles. The base is here seen to be beginning to expand outwards



4—THE BASE NOW BEGINS TO SPREAD AND IT GROWS RAPIDLY : Great clouds of dust are forming below ; and, above, a sort of cone begins to grow

THE COMPLETE SEQUENCE : The six extraordinary photographs given here were taken on July 16 in the New Mexico desert, when the first atomic bomb was exploded experimentally. They supplement the pictures which we gave last week. The pictures were taken from a distance of six miles, and show the various phases witnessed by the camera lens during the few seconds from explosion to aftermath. On the right-hand page, our artist has depicted the awe-inspiring scenes over Hiroshima and Nagasaki after the first two atomic bombs to be used in warfare had virtually wiped out those two great Japanese cities

2—THE HEART OF AN ATOMIC BOMB, and the second stage in the terrific explosion : The black spots in the centre of the blast area were actually brighter than the sun at midday, causing a reverse effect on the photographic negative

THE ATOMIC BOMB

A Picture Sequence of the First Explosion ; and Two Drawings of the Scenes at Hiroshima and Nagasaki

Picture on right above—**HOW THE HIROSHIMA EXPLOSION APPEARED TO OBSERVERS IN A FLYING FORTRESS ABOVE THE CITY, after the atoms released by the bomb had re-formed into matter in a vast cloud of dust**

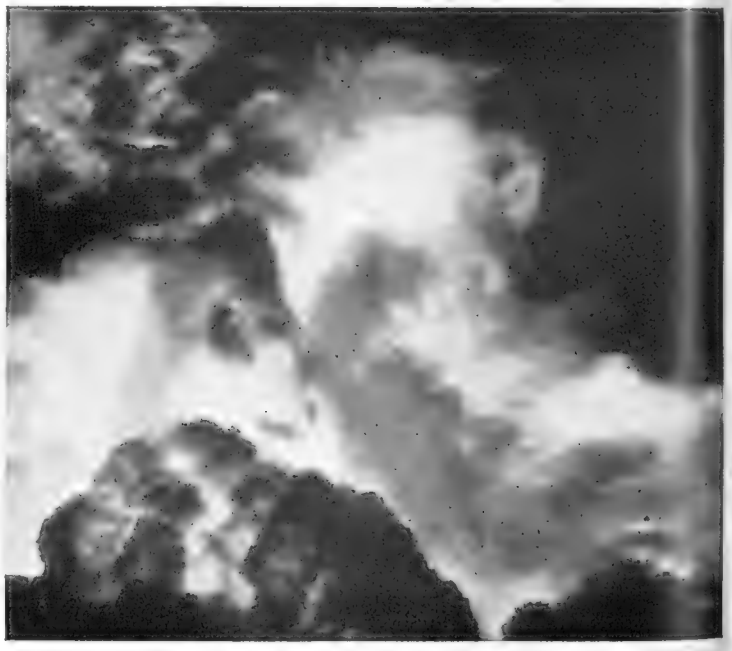
—Drawing by Roland Davies

This impression of the awe-inspiring scene has been re-created from photographs taken during the course of the atomic-bomb explosion. After a flash as brilliant as the sun, " what had been Hiroshima became a mountain of smoke that rose to 7½ miles "

Picture on right below—**THREE MINUTES AFTER THE SECOND ATOMIC BOMB HAD BEEN DROPPED ON NAGASAKI—The great white cap on top of the dust column 10 miles up in the sky—**

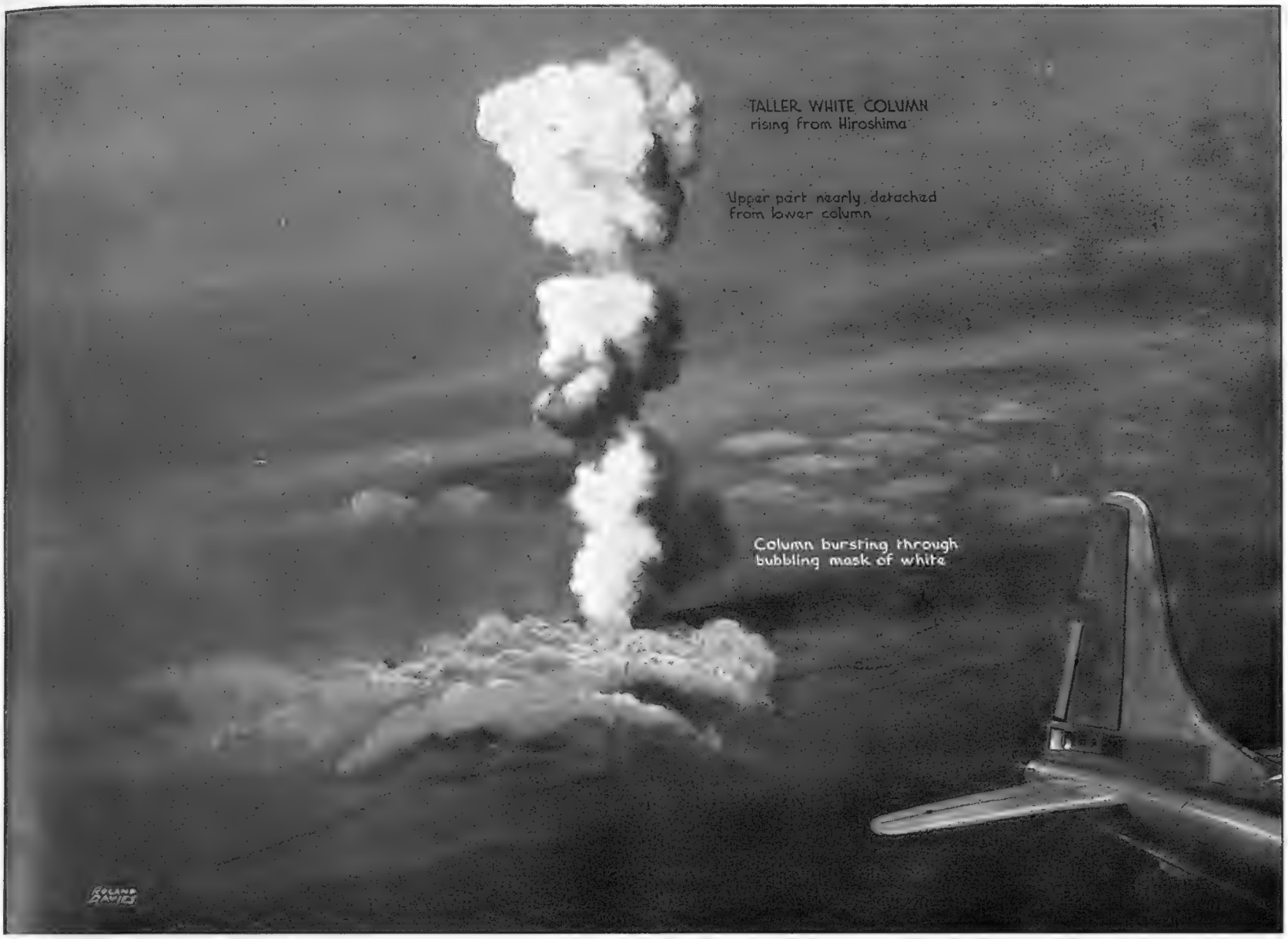
Drawing by Roland Davies

Air crews near the city where the bomb dropped said that Nagasaki went up in a roar of smoke and flame which could be seen for 250 miles. A whirling cloud of black smoke rose more than 10 miles in the air. It spread until it blotted out targets which Super-Fortresses were attacking 50 miles away. One pilot said : " It was too tremendous to believe. I have never seen anything like it—and I never hope to again." Other airmen reported a huge ball of yellow and orange fire which shot 8,000 ft. into the sky. It started as a small puff, then an enormous finger of smoke shot up and swelled into a vast cloud covering an area of at least 20 square miles



5—THE HEAD OF THE UPHEAVAL HAS NOW BLOWN OFF, sending a gigantic mushroom of flame and multi-coloured smoke or gas up into the air to a height of 40,000 ft.

6—THE FINAL GLIMPSE OF THE RAGING INFERNO IN THE DESERT : The whole thing took place with stunning rapidity and with a sustained roar that struck terror into the hearts of all who heard it

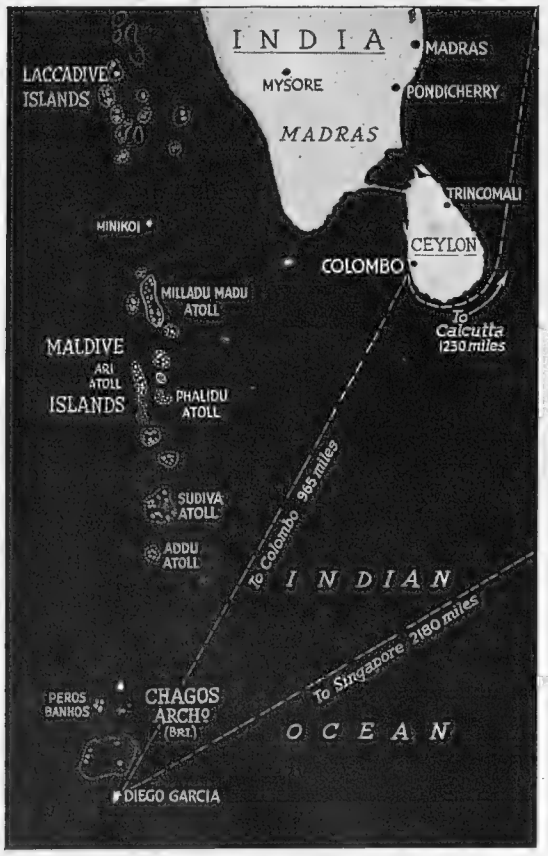

TALLER WHITE COLUMN
rising from Hiroshima
Upper part nearly detached
from lower column
Column bursting through
bubbling mask of white
ROLAND DAVIES

DENSE WHITE TOP
to dust column above Nagasaki
←Perpendicular edge
Dark-swirling
dust column
Column penetrating
bubbling white mass

SECRET ISLAND BASES

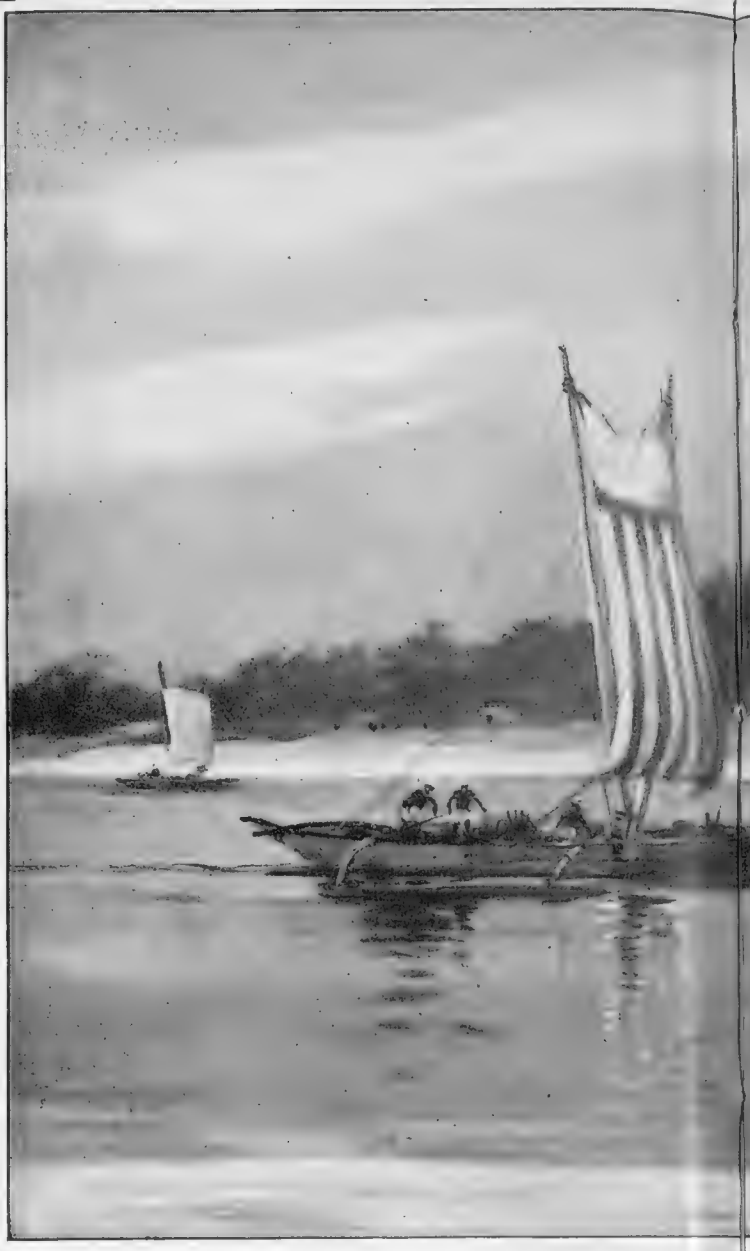
Built During the War by the British Amongst the Coral Atolls of the East

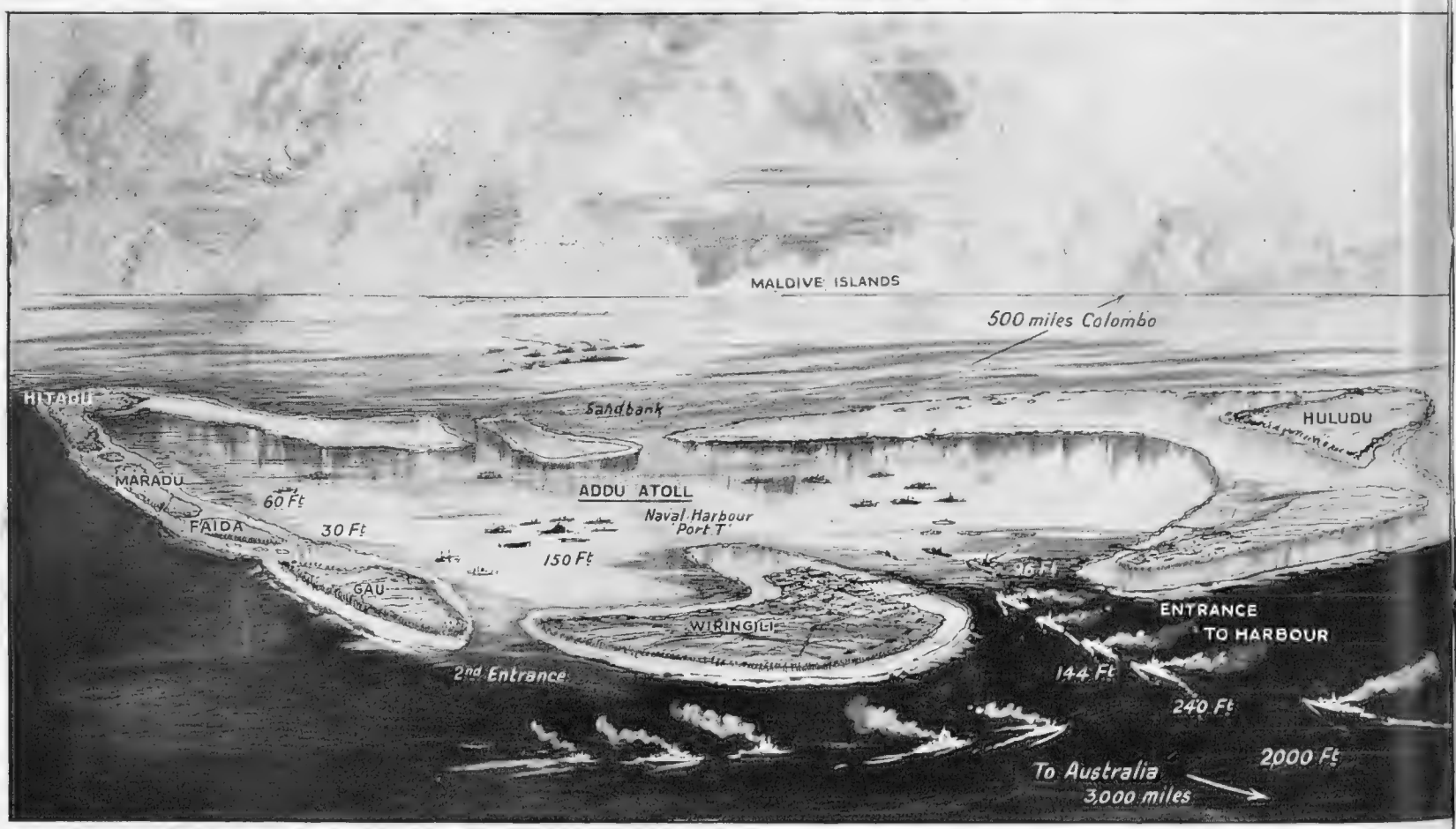
—Special Sphere Drawings



WHERE THE BASES WERE BUILT: Diego Garcia lies 965 miles from Colombo, in Ceylon—on the route from Madagascar; Addu Atoll is almost due north of it, the southernmost of the Maldive chain of atolls

"This is one of the secret air bases of the Far Eastern war from which the veil of secrecy has at length been lifted," wrote Mr. Edmund Townshend in a recent dispatch from the island to the *Daily Telegraph*. "Here, for the last four years, relays of Robinson Crusoes of the R.A.F. have been living in six-month spells the idyllic life of the beach-comber, far from civilisation. Diego Garcia, the biggest island in the Chagos Archipelago, lies half-way between Ceylon and Madagascar. It is one of a chain of forward flying-boat bases spread across Japanese submarine routes through the Indian Ocean. From these bases, set up in the Seychelles, 1,000 miles from Africa, and at Addu Atoll and in the Maldives, Catalina and Sunderland flying-boats roved out when the enemy's submarine menace was at its height, to find, fix and strike, as well as to search for survivors from torpedoed ships. When Germany collapsed, too, Diego Garcia lay in readiness, as one of the most strategically placed air bases, to launch flying-boat strikes against the U-boats which might try to escape to Japan. Now the war has moved eastwards and the flying-boats are pushing farther forward, but R.A.F. men will stay on to maintain Diego Garcia as a meteorological station supplying essential data for long-range bomber attacks. On Diego Garcia live nearly fifty airmen under a commanding officer who is king of the island station. Their home is a coral atoll, covered with coconut palms, stretching for 50 miles in a slender horseshoe round a lagoon 12 miles long and 6 miles across. In this malaria-free paradise they harpoon squids, keep watch for 6-ft. sharks and stinging rays, overturn turtles for their eggs, and gather the plentiful fruit. Then they watch giant land-crabs scuttling up palm-trees and cracking coconuts with their pincers. They wander on the strand in search of coral fragments and bizarre shells to make necklaces for their girls at home."

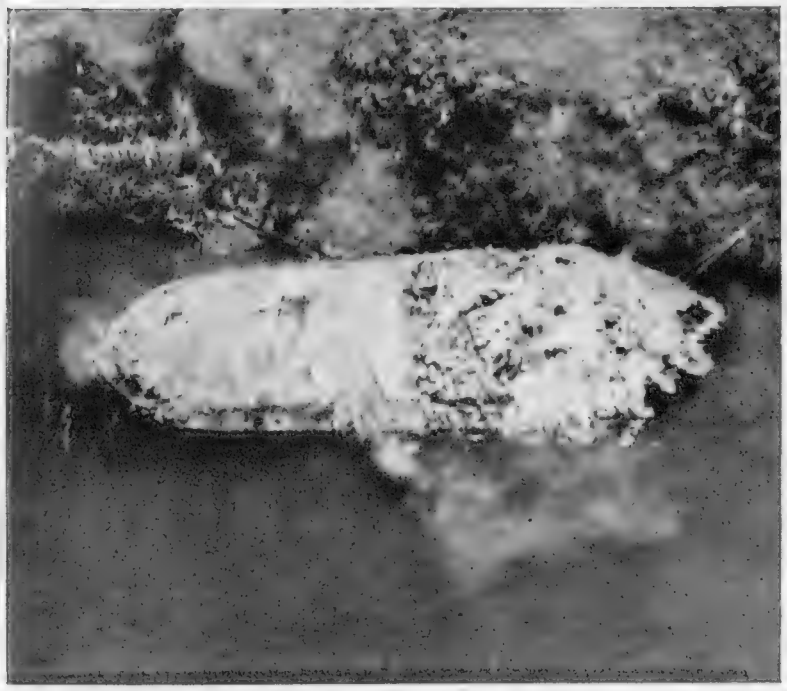




THE CORAL ISLAND NAVAL BASE AT ADDU ATOLL, IN THE INDIAN OCEAN—A VIEW SHOWING THE LAGOON HARBOUR AND THE REEFS WHICH PROTECT IT. This was the secret "Port T" (as it was long known), hacked out of the island jungle by Royal Marines in the dark days of 1941, when it was built as a vital link on the convoy route to Australia—*Drawing by Percy Home*

Recently the dramatic story of another secret war port was revealed by the Admiralty. It is the story of "Port T"—a naval base with full defences—hacked out of the jungle on Addu Atoll, a collection of waterless coral islets in the Indian Ocean, 500 miles from Colombo and 3,000 from Australia. "Port T" was always known by its code name. Absolute secrecy was essential, for this port was a vital link on the convoy route to Australia and for certain operations in the Indian Ocean. The Royal Marines went ashore on Addu Atoll in September 1941—before Pearl Harbour; their task was to establish coastal batteries, searchlights, signal towers, roads, camps and jetties for a naval base. The price they paid was heavy: 23 per cent. of the whole force had to be evacuated in the first three months by the hospital ship *Vita* as too ill to be fit for further service; but by the time Japan declared war the base was ready; and on January 3 1942, four months from the day the Royal Marines had landed, the first convoy of five troopships, escorted by the cruiser H.M.S. *Emerald*, put in to water and refuel. The atoll, in the extreme south of the Maldive Islands, consists of a rough triangle of coral islets, surrounded by a coral reef which encloses a deep lagoon. On four of the islands—Gau, Hitadu, Midu and Wiringili—coastal batteries and searchlights were required, while Gau was developed as the main base. But the islands were swept at regular intervals by torrential storms that washed away the road surfaces and flooded clearings and gun-sites. Unloading ships could only take place at certain stages of the tide, so that it had to continue day and night, with men working two six-hour shifts in twenty-four. Food and rest could only be taken at low-water time. Yet by December 8, when news of Japan's entry into the war reached the islands, the anchorage was already in a state of defence; only camouflaging, administrative installations and the completion of the war signal station remained to be done.

THE ISLAND AIR BASE BUILT ON A REMOTE CORAL ISLAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE INDIAN OCEAN, "1,000 MILES FROM ANYWHERE," whose existence has remained a secret for the last four years. It is Diego Garcia, largest island in the Chagos Archipelago, half-way between Madagascar and Ceylon—one of a chain of advanced flying-boat bases across the submarine routes of the Japs through the Indian Ocean *(See note at left)*—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*



TRYING TO HIDE FROM THE FAST-GROWING BRITISH AIR STRENGTH in the final stages of the Japanese war: A thickly-camouflaged enemy river craft lying on the Mu River, in Burma. It was left in this condition by the retreating Japs just before the end came.

On right—**LIBERATORS OF THE R.A.F. FLY ACROSS THE INDIAN OCEAN to attack the Japs in Singora:** Three times in seven days before the end of the Japanese War, Liberators of Air Command, South-East Asia, made a round trip of about 3,000 miles to attack the port of Singora, which lies on the south-eastern coast of Siam. In recent weeks, Singora had become one of the vital distribution centres for the supply of the Japanese forces in Burma and Siam. The three R.A.F. attacks destroyed much of the harbour and its adjacent facilities. Extensive and extended installations and warehouses were concentrated round a large natural harbour at Singora, which had hitherto not been attacked. This oblique photograph, taken from one of the Liberators during the attack, shows a huge column of black smoke mounting skywards from a fire blazing by the harbour-side

MAIL FOR THE PACIFIC FLEET: EVERY EFFORT IS MADE TO GET THE MAIL TO EACH SHIP IN THE FLEET IN THE SHORTEST POSSIBLE TIME, and an efficient and complex organisation exists for this purpose. This drawing shows how it is done when the mail-ship meets one of the larger units of the Royal Navy actually under way on the high seas—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Naval vessels get their mail while actually under way, when engaged on operational duties. The destroyer which has been detailed to act as mail-ship ranges alongside each vessel in turn; lines are rapidly passed; and in a few minutes the mail-bags are sent across—to be opened and distributed at once among the eagerly-waiting men

WITH THE ALLIED NAVIES AT SEA

Recent Activities in the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans

SUBMARINES ARE SERVICED AND SUPPLIED AT SEA BY SPECIAL SUBMARINE TENDERS: These three American vessels have returned from a war patrol to an Advance Base in the Pacific: they have here come alongside a tender for supplies and emergency repairs. The tenders are part of the U.S. Service Force—a fleet made up of auxiliaries of every type which service, maintain, repair and supply the combatant vessels. These mobile auxiliaries are supplemented and backed up by the greater facilities of the Advance Bases on land

NEWS FROM HOME—AND A NEAR TRAGEDY just after the mail has arrived—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*
The mail has been distributed, and the men retire into corners to read it—for there is no real privacy on a warship. One luckless youngster has carelessly let his precious letter be carried away by a snatch of wind, and leaps for it before it goes into "the drink"—to the vast amusement of his mates

WHEN THE AMERICANS AND AUSTRALIANS INVADED BALIKPAPAN, IN BORNEO, IN JULY: On July 1 Americans and Australians hopped right into the centre of the rich Japanese-held oilfields of Balikpapan. Units of the American Navy's Seventh Fleet paved the way for the Australian landings. Commander J. P Craff, who was to act as "Beachmaster" for the operation, was transferred to the U.S.S. PC 610 while en route to Borneo, as shown in this picture. Other amphibious craft of the convoy which took part in the landing operations can also be seen in the background of this view

THE MIGHTY "QUEEN ELIZABETH" ARRIVES AT SOUTHAMPTON, to receive a great welcome from a large crowd gathered at the dockside: Crowds welcomed the 83,000-ton liner *Queen Elizabeth* when she made her first appearance at Southampton Docks, which from now onwards will be her home port. Since 1940, when the liner made her maiden—and highly secret—voyage to America, she has steamed 450,000 miles and carried 860,000 U.S. troops. On her last journey the vessel arrived on schedule after a 30-knot spurt. Fog had slowed her down out in the Atlantic—but she was determined to arrive on time

THE CROWDED SCENE ON THE UPPER DECKS OF THE "QUEEN MARY," as the great liner left Southampton for her voyage to the United States with 15,000 American soldiers on board. The transport of returning U.S. soldiers is part of "Lend-Lease in Reverse"

THE SOLDIERS ON THE "QUEEN MARY" SETTLE DOWN for the voyage back to the States: The great 81,000-ton vessel is crammed to full capacity on each of these "trooping" journeys across the Atlantic, of which she has already made a number

THE GUTTED "TIRPITZ" AS SHE NOW LIES IN NORWEGIAN WATERS: The pride of the German Navy, sunk after a brilliant attack by R.A.F. bombers in November 1944, is here seen as she lies, half-submerged, four miles from the Tromso Fiord, in Norway. When she was capsized by the bombers, over 500 German sailors were trapped in the overturned vessel and their bodies have not yet been recovered. Parts of the vessel are just tangled masses of steel where the bombs struck home. The "Tirpitz" was a 41,000-ton battleship armed with 15-in. guns: she had a crew of 1,600 officers and men. Before being capsized by the R.A.F., she was torpedoed and badly damaged by British midget submarines in the Altenfiord on September 22, 1943

PICTURES from the EUROPEAN CONTINENT

THE TRIAL OF THE TRAITOR, VIDKUN QUISLING, IN OSLO: A scene in the courtroom at the opening of the trial. Quisling is seated in the dock: on his left is his defence counsel; an armed guard is seated behind. Abraham Vidkun Quisling, the man who gave his name to "collaborators" and traitors all over the world, is on trial in the specially-prepared auditorium of the old Masonic Temple at Oslo. He is accused not only of collaboration with the Germans, but also of "persuading" Hitler to invade Norway in 1940. Evidence against him has come from such Nazis as Goering, Ribbentrop, Rosenberg and others: but Quisling has announced himself as "the martyr of Norway." Many of his own countrymen to-day regard the traitor as a lunatic

QUISLING AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF THE JUDGE: On the right is his counsel, Henrik Bergh. The scene is the old Masonic Temple in Oslo, at the opening of the first session

GERMAN PRISONERS LEAVING NORWAY ARE "SCREENED" BEFORE DEPARTURE: Thousands of Germans are leaving prison camps in Norway on their way back to Germany. Before leaving they are thoroughly searched and interrogated, as the authorities are keeping a sharp look-out for former Gestapo and S.S. men. Here is the scene as the men leave camp for the boat. This is at Mandal, and the "screening" is done by two Gestapo men (on the left) and one Quisling woman (seated). The Gestapo men have been condemned to be shot, but the woman is awaiting sentence. The prisoners have to file past with their caps off, so that they can be more readily identified

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DEVASTATION IN OSLO after a great ammunition explosion: A tremendous explosion occurred at an Oslo quayside when German small arms and explosives were being unloaded from freight trucks on to a Norwegian barge. The entire city of Oslo shook with the force of the explosion and much damage was done. At least fifty Germans engaged on the unloading were killed, as well as fifteen Norwegians who were on guard at the time, and 100 persons were injured

THE R.A.F. DISARMAMENT WING AT WORK AT STAVANGER: Wing Commander W. W. Russell has a morning conference with the Ober-leutnant who is responsible for the discipline of the German prisoners. A German interpreter stands by, taking notes and instructions. Thousands of Germans are still in Norway, working on disarmament under the jurisdiction of the R.A.F. on Norwegian airfields. German aircraft and munitions of war are being collected, and thousands of books and piles of propaganda material are being burned daily. The Commanding Officer of the Disarmament Wing operating on the Forus and Sola airfields near Stavanger is Wing Commander W. W. Russell, who comes from Barnet, near London

THE SALZBURG MUSIC FESTIVAL is held once again: For the first time in ten years, the famous Salzburg Music Festival was performed in the Austrian village on August 12. Hundreds of American soldiers listened to the strains of some of the world's most famous music. Above are Maria Cebotari, Julius Patzak and Rosl Schwaiger, the three stars of the Music Festival, leaving the theatre after the show

THE MAN WHO HOPES TO BECOME KING OF SPAIN: The Spanish Pretender, Juan de Bourbon, with his wife and their four children, at his home in Switzerland, where he is forced to live in exile until he receives the "call" to return

DON JUAN WITH HIS WIFE, THE PRINCESS MARIA MERCEDES: Juan de Bourbon is the younger son of Alfonso XIII: with the elimination of his elder brothers, he is now the Pretender to the Spanish throne. With his wife and four children, he lives in exile in Switzerland, awaiting the time when Spain may call him back. But neither the Monarchists—for whom he sounds too democratic, nor the Democrats—who prefer the Republic, have given an encouraging reception to the Pretender's recently-issued Manifesto

MEN WHO WERE HITLER'S PRISONERS NOW RECUPERATE ON THE ISLAND OF CAPRI: *On left*—Nicholas Horthy, son of the Hungarian Regent, who was former Hungarian Ambassador in Brazil. *On right*—Nicholas Kallay, former Hungarian Prime Minister. Some of the former leading personalities in Europe are now residing on the beautiful and sunny island of Capri, after years spent in concentration camps under the Nazis. The chief amongst them is Kurt von Schussnigg: he spent a number of years in Dachau, where he was joined by his wife and where his young daughter Sissy was born

KURT VON SCHUSSNIGG, FORMER AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR, with his wife at the Villa Matezo at Capri. He was imprisoned by the Nazis in 1938, until his recent release

THE "FLEA MARKET" IS NOW A HAUNT OF BLACK MARKETEERS IN BRUSSELS: Taking advantage of the milling throngs who visit the famous "Flea Market" in Brussels in search of "bargains," Black Market operators are now doing big business. In the jumble of old junk spread out on the cobblestones in the square one can find almost any commodity for sale. Almost all are obviously either Army property or of doubtful origin. In this picture, tools of every description are seen—door handles, water-taps, bunches of old keys and, possibly, some vital motor-car part which the vendor will tell you was left behind by the Germans

CIVILIANS IN BERLIN GET WHITE BREAD FOR THE FIRST TIME: Since the end of the war the Berliners have been deprived of this luxury. Now once again they have received supplies: the distribution has been organised by the U.S. authorities, the loaves being made from Canadian flour. When word went round that the bread was to be distributed, long queues formed immediately outside the bakers' shops

A FAVOURITE LONDON VIEWPOINT, WHICH IS AGAIN OPEN TO THE PUBLIC: The Monument, near London Bridge, was closed to the public during the six years of war: a few days ago it was reopened, so that visitors may once again enjoy the remarkable vista of the City and its suburbs to be seen from its high platform. To climb the Monument was always a favourite diversion of our "country cousins." In this view, a long expanse of the Thames may be seen, with the Tower Bridge as a prominent sight in the middle distance

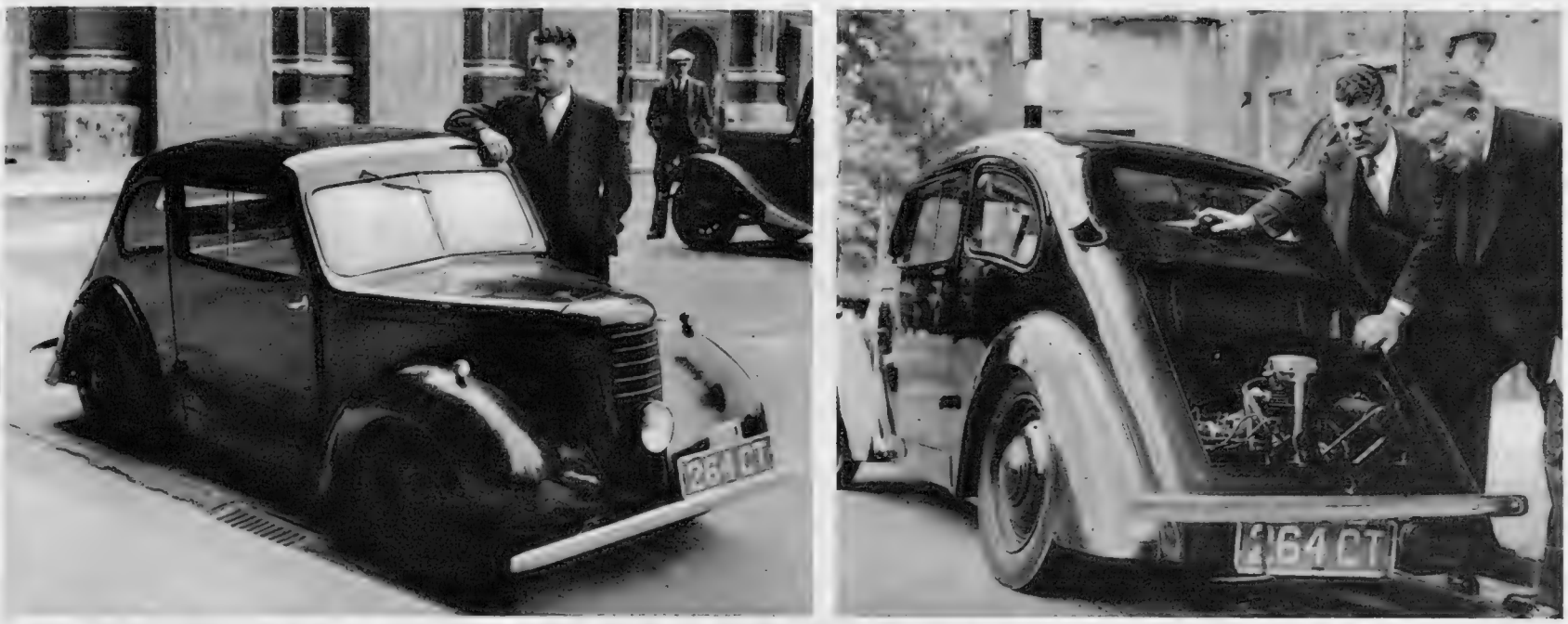
SCENES from AFTER-WAR LONDON

Including Some New Views of the River Thames, Now Assuming a More Normal Peacetime Aspect

A SCENE OF GREAT ACTIVITY IN THE FISH MARKET AT BILLINGSGATE: More fish is now reaching London daily, and the queues outside the fishmongers' shops are slowly dwindling. At Billingsgate, traditional centre of the trade, the quay is assuming its peacetime aspect—although the high proportion of the horsed vehicles is an indication of petrol shortage and traffic problems! Beyond the quay, the river wharves and general activity denote the altered condition of things in the Pool of London

PLEASURE STEAMERS HAVE AGAIN BEEN PLYING WITH SIGHTSEERS ALONG THE RIVER BETWEEN WESTMINSTER PIER AND LONDON BRIDGE

This used to be a favourite week-end and holiday pastime for Londoners and visitors to the capital. Such steamers as are now able to make the voyage are usually crammed to capacity, a proportion of the passengers being American soldiers on leave. The wharves and quays lining the river—empty for so long during the war—are now filling up again with steamers from foreign ports; and in the Pool of London big ships are once again loading and unloading their cargoes at the city's doorstep



BRITAIN'S FIRST £100 CAR IS PRODUCED BY AN M.P.: *On left*—Mr. W. D. Kendall with the "Brusa" car outside the Houses of Parliament; *On right*—Showing how the engine is located—in the luggage-carrier at the back

Mr. W. D. Kendall, Independent M.P. for Grantham, drove to the House of Commons a few days ago in his £100 motor-car, the first type built in Britain since VE-Day. He is to present a petition signed by 15,000 of his constituents, asking for a public enquiry in the matter of the future of two Government-built factories which have been taken from his companies so that Mr. Kendall has had to cease the production of the new car. The £100 motor-car uses exhaust gases to drive a fly-wheel as a reaction motor, on the V 1 principle

INDIAN VETERANS IN LONDON—Kukris are drawn by the Gurkhas for inspection by Subedar-Major Shriparsad Gurung, of the 2/3rd Gurkha Rifles. The sergeant and lance-corporal, on the right in this picture, have both been awarded the Military Medal. All are veterans of the North African and Italian campaigns

THE INDIAN CONTINGENT MARCHING ALONG OXFORD STREET to attend the opening of a war exhibition: Londoners saw some of India's finest fighting men when a detachment marched through the West End of London to attend the opening of the "Victory Over Japan" Exhibition in Oxford Street. The men—all veterans of the North African and Italian campaigns—were flown from Italy to take part in the parade

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE UNITED NATIONS HOLD THEIR FIRST MEETING: The Preparatory Commission of the United Nations have just met for the first time at Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, to make provisional arrangements for the first sessions of the United Nations Councils and the convening of the International Court of Justice. The delegates seen in this picture, from the foreground, are—Mr. Paul Hasluck, Australia; Senhor Dr. C. de Freitas Valle, Brazil; Mr. Lester B. Pearson, Canada; Señor Don Manuel Bianchi, Chile; and Dr. Wellington Koo, China

A PLAQUE TO COMMEMORATE ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP: On August 20, at the headquarters of the R.A.F. Transport Command at Bushey, a plaque was unveiled by Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney. The memorial consisted of a Portland stone surmounted by a bronze plaque on a five-sided base with the American Star in white stone; it bears the inscription—"This tablet marks the site of the European Headquarters of the U.S.A.A.F. Forces, July 1942"

THE REBUILDING OF RESIDENTIAL LONDON

The Gigantic Task of Reconstruction and the Manifold Difficulties which Beset the Various Authorities

By CHARLES GRAVES

AS Mr. Bevin has discovered within a few weeks of becoming Foreign Minister, things are not always what they would appear to the Opposition. Thus the rebuilding of residential London is bound to be a real headache to the Ministry of Town and Country Planning and to the Ministry of Health. The more modern suburbs which were blitzed will presumably be rebuilt as they stood originally. There are, however, a tremendous number of problems which will have to be solved, when it comes to the question of rebuilding the centre and East End of London.

Big building estates and the large private owners are perfectly ready to co-operate in every possible way, but they have received no clear-cut instructions as yet. In the case of the Portman Estate, which extends from Oxford Street to Dorset Square, bounded partially on the west by Edgware Road and on the east by Manchester Square, the number of houses actually levelled to the ground is 120, but over 2,000 have been severely damaged. What is to happen to these? The Ministry of Labour has announced that 1,000,000 employees in the munitions factories are to be released during the next six weeks. Normal demobilisation from the three fighting Services will account for another 50,000 people. Many of the men will have been in the building trade before the war, and could be profitably employed in erecting new houses and repairing damaged ones. But that will not happen for a long time in the West End. And when the time ultimately comes that there will be enough labour not only to repair damaged houses, but to rebuild those that have been blitzed, there can be little hope of the small architectural features, such as fireplaces, cornices, ceilings, architraves and moulded overdoors being replaced. Substitute materials will be necessary, and it will be almost impossible to replace the atmosphere. In fact, one cannot assess the loss of the amenity values in the gracious old houses which have been knocked down. Even those still standing are suffering in many cases from dry-rot.

So far, payment of compensation for total loss has not even begun. In the case of one of the large landowners I estimate that this will amount to something in the neighbourhood of £7,000,000, but the final determination of loss will not be reached for a long time.

One of the most interesting jobs will be the rebuilding of the huge empty acreage on Druce's site in Baker Street. Will it be turned into a huge block of flats, with its own cinema and restaurant and garage? Will it merely become a vast, modern store? Will it become a luxury hotel? At present it is still used as a car-park by the American Army authorities.

It will take at least five years for the squares of London, like Berkeley Square, Montagu Square and Bryanston Square, to get back to normal, with grass instead of gravel. It will take at least three years to complete major repairs to damaged houses, and another two years to make good all the losses. In the meantime, there is a loss of ground rents, commercial goodwill, actual buildings and residential prestige. There is also this shortage of labour and only ersatz material to replace what has been damaged by high-explosives, fire, or troops.

To-day the big estates, such as the Portman Estate, the Grosvenor Estate and the Howard de Walden Estate, are all facing a perplexing future. Immediate problems will include the matter of war damage and the question of wartime users and wartime operations which at present completely cut across lease covenants.

Both the L.C.C. and the local authorities are anxious to do their best and to show results. But this immediately produces a clash between State ownership, local politics and private enterprise. Presumably Marylebone Borough Council, for example, would like the squares to be kept as residential precincts. Well-to-do householders would pay the high rates without demur. Or would they? That is a question which will have to be faced.

Oxford Street has settled down into a shopping thoroughfare. Baker Street has followed suit, though the standard of shops is lower. But what about Edgware Road? Will this be developed into another Oxford Street? Similar problems confront the Grosvenor Estate, which runs all the way to Pimlico.

What is the future of Bond Street? Officially, Bond Street is part of the Conduit-Mead Estate owned by the City Corporation. The latter, like all other property owners in London, has no official information as to priorities in building licences. Although in pre-war days Bond Street probably housed more luxury trade than any other street in the world, it had, architecturally, almost every disadvantage. Now that so much of the street has been blitzed, there is a great opportunity to rebuild the thoroughfare in a way which will make it really worthy of its pre-war reputation.

It is known, of course, that working-class houses will be the first to be repaired and erected. It can be presumed—or can it?—that social clubs, like the Carlton, will be the last buildings to be repaired and rebuilt. Shops, however, have a certain claim to consideration in so far as they are important to the export of goods, particularly luxury goods which use little shipping space and bring custom and trade to localities.

Unless an atomic bomb falls on the capital, there will never again be such an opportunity for rebuilding London with the full co-operation of the vaunted interests and owners, but the co-ordination of the various London town-planning authorities is a problem of major magnitude.

Many people might well suppose that estates like those of the Duke of Westminster and Captain Gerald Portman are more likely to be re-designed in the best possible way if they are left to themselves, for the somewhat pompous slogan of Town and Country Planning is purely twentieth century, although the impression which the public has been encouraged to receive is that only enlightened modern communities can arrange satisfactory layouts of their cities.

Any student of Arthur Bryant will know that the East End of London and the poorer quarters of all the bigger cities in this country were allowed to sprawl by the local borough councils or their equivalents in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. By contrast, gentlemen of private enterprise like Grosvenor, Bedford, Northampton, Portman, Portland and Eyre, are owed an enormous debt by the present population in the West End of London.

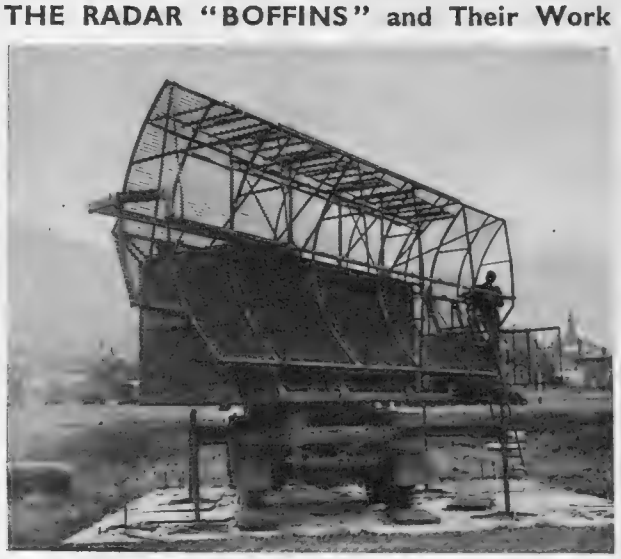
Take the original layout of the Portman Estate from Oxford Street to the north. All the experts and architects in the London County Council put together could not hope to produce a plan as brilliant as was made in the eighteenth century. Good rectangular street development, squares (like Montagu Square, Bryanston Square, Dorset Square, Manchester Square and Portman Square), trees, an eye to space round buildings, houses for the rich, houses for the professional men, houses for the tradesmen, houses for the working classes, were all carefully planned. There was no question of specialisation, nor of erecting houses purely for the well-to-do. Look at the "village of Marylebone"—Crawford Street and its side-streets. Anything from churches to public houses were designed to fit into the composite whole.

To-day, if the town and country planning scheme of de-centralising big cities like London and Glasgow proves to be a pipe dream, as well it may, it is evident that hundreds of big houses in the West End will have to be turned into flats. There is a grave danger, however, of hidden defects which will come to light when any major structural alterations are made. The effects of blast, quite apart from dry-rot, are such that surveyors will never again be able to give a London house a clean bill of health without the most careful and detailed scrutiny. Scarcely one of the beautiful old houses on the outskirts of Regent's Park has escaped damage from blast. The big houses in the Bayswater Road and Eaton Square would make fine flats instead of being deserted mansions if the structural damage does not prove to be too great.

As for the static tanks, these are now cleared of water, and the owners have been invited to submit compensation claims to the requisitioning authority, in this case the L.C.C. A token rent of two guineas a year has been generally offered to the owners, but usually refused. It had been presumed that the L.C.C. would be responsible for removing the static water-tanks which they installed. But not so. The burden of this falls on the shoulders of the owners, and it will cost anything from £300 to £1,000 to remove each one of them.

In the meantime, there are millions of people without homes, and millions of pounds to be paid in compensation by the War Damage Commission.

THE RADAR "BOFFINS" and Their Work



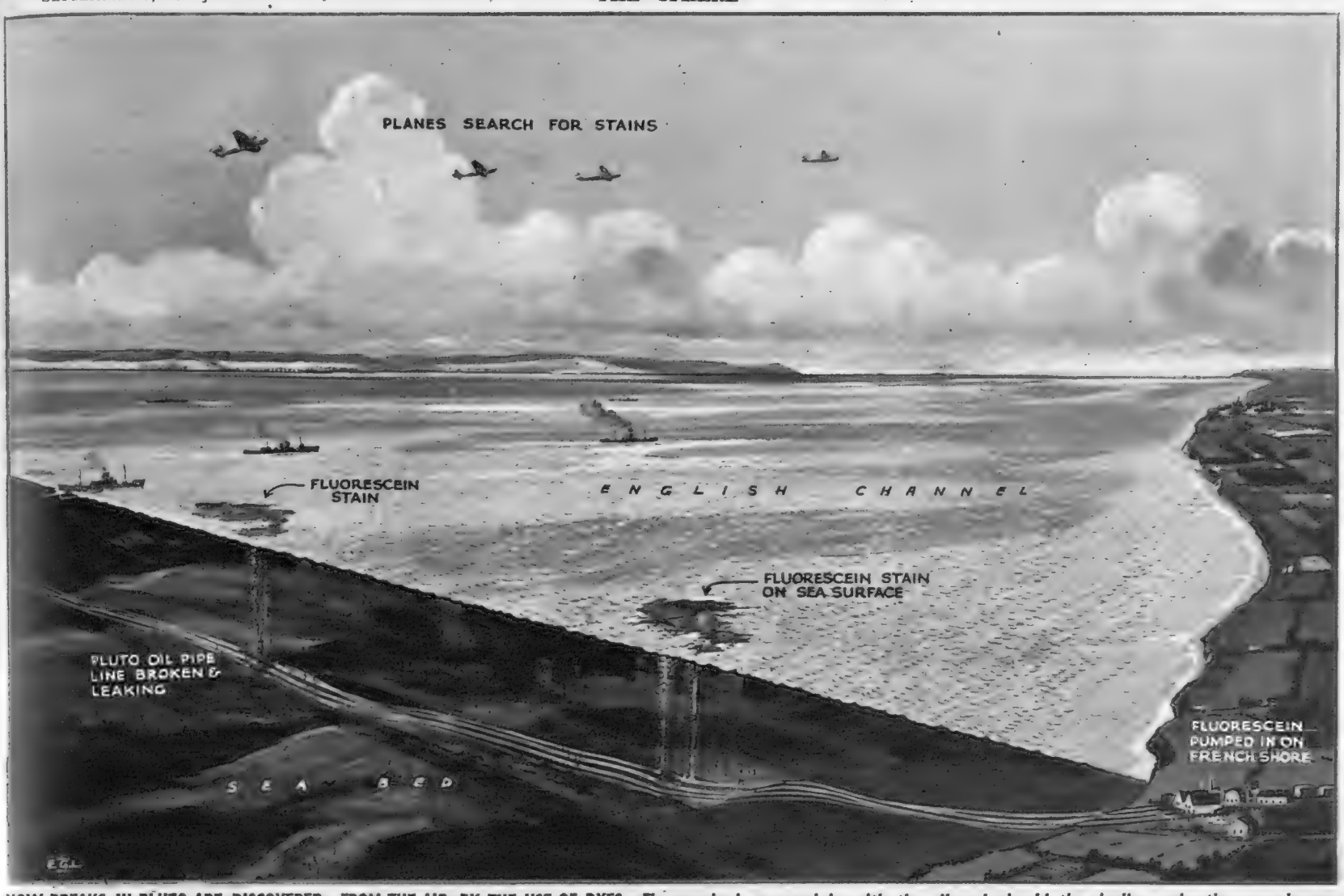
A RADAR AERIAL DESIGNED TO LOCATE THE POSITION OF AIRCRAFT ON A RADAR MAP: This was one of the devices perfected by the "Boffins" at their research centre at Malvern

THIS AERIAL WAS USED DURING THE WAR TO FIND THE HEIGHT OF AIRCRAFT: It is one of many scientific appliances whose existence has only recently been made public

On the left is a HEIGHT-FINDING SET: on the right is the American PLAN POSITION SET. These are worked in conjunction, and were designed for use during the Pacific War. (Note the small generators in the foreground)

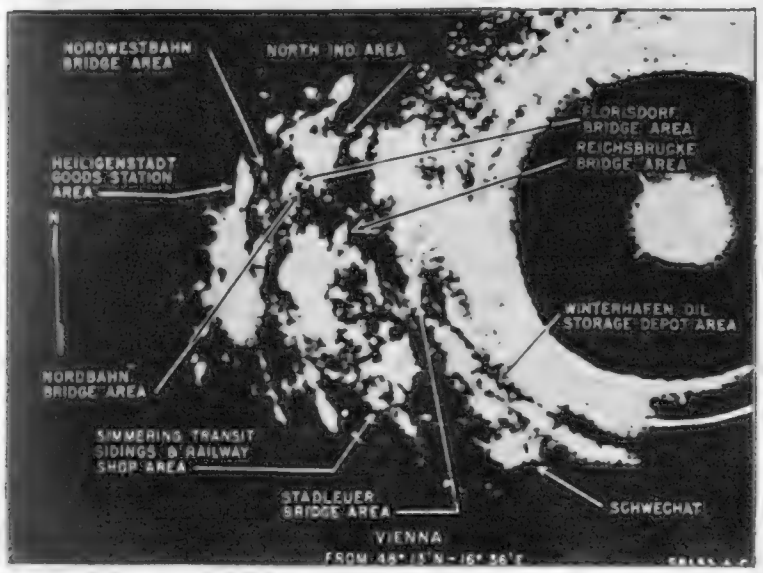
During the war, Malvern College became a Government Establishment known as "T.R.E.," or Telecommunication Research Establishment. The greatest body of physicists ever assembled together in this country—over 2,400 of them—there overcame one major strategical problem after another—the U-boat war, defence against aerial attack, and accurate bombing methods. The keynote of the research was, of course, radar.

To the R.A.F. the group of scientists at Malvern were known as the "Boffins." Their wartime work was the culmination of ten years of secret research. They worked hand-in-hand with the R.A.F.'s night-fighters, pathfinders, and other crews, and also with the great civilian manufacturing firms, to evolve the devices which helped to beat the Germans



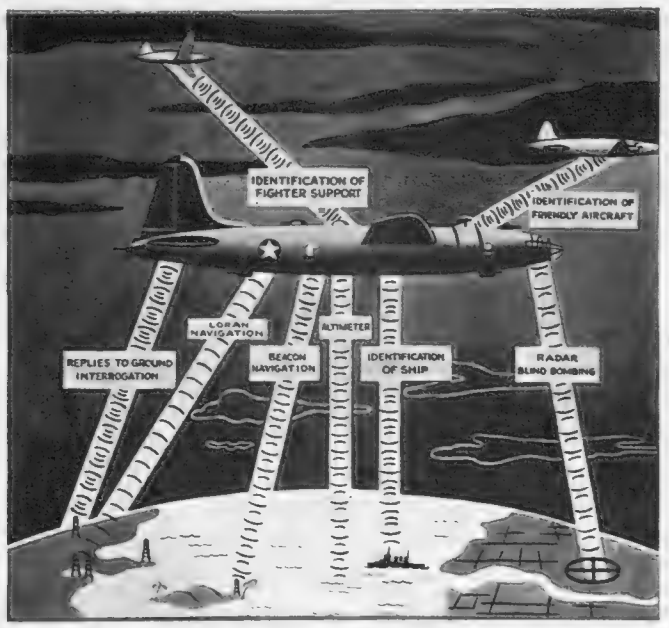
HOW BREAKS IN PLUTO ARE DISCOVERED—FROM THE AIR, BY THE USE OF DYES : Fluorescein is pumped in with the oil and, should the pipeline under the ocean become fractured, it shows where the break has occurred by colouring the water so that it can readily be spotted by reconnaissance aircraft—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The way in which accidental breaks in the pipelines of Pluto were pin-pointed by means of dyes which stained the surface of the sea has just been told by the Petroleum Warfare Department. Although the Channel pipelines were sturdily constructed, they were occasionally damaged by ships' anchors and by mines. By the end of 1944 several of the lines had begun to leak, and at that time there existed no reliable method of discovering exactly where the fracture was. Then the chemists thought of the dyestuff Fluorescein L.T., used to help aircraft to locate airmen forced down on the sea. The dye produces large coloured patches on the water which can be seen for considerable distances. The experiment was made. In spite of bitterly cold weather which froze the ingredients in the containers and choked the pumps with ice, it succeeded. Royal Navy ships and Walrus spotting airplanes found the British end of the fracture. But since the ends of the line had become widely separated, hundreds of gallons of the colouring mixture had to be shipped to France and pumped in from there

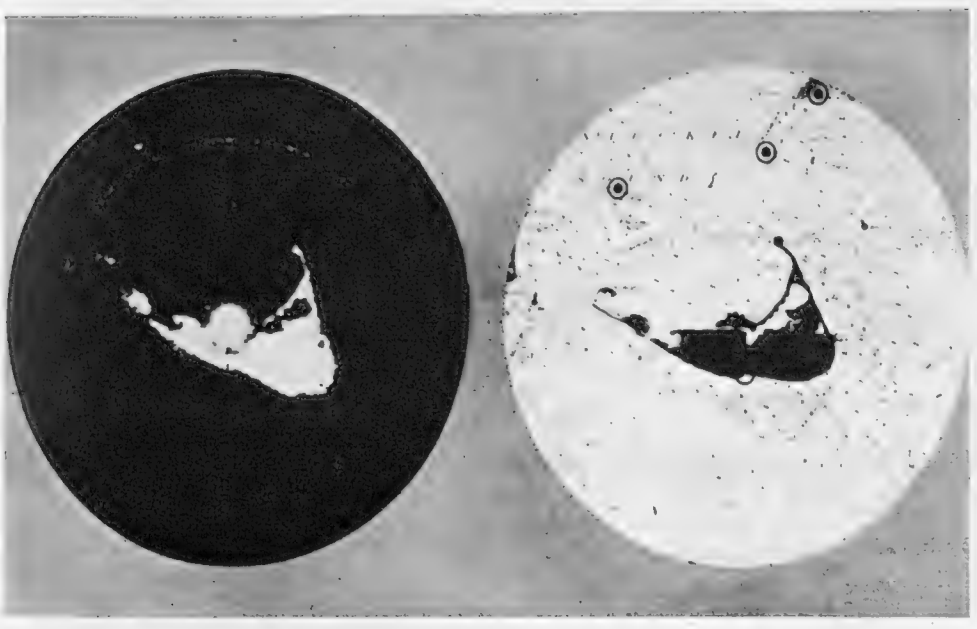


HOW RADAR MADE BOMBING POSSIBLE EVEN WHEN THE GROUND WAS NOT VISIBLE TO THE BOMB-AIMER : This is a picture of Vienna as the master-bomber would see it on his radar set : it shows how bridges, shops and warehouses were uncovered and photographed to assist the Allied pilots and bomb-aimers

More about PLUTO and RADAR



THIS PICTURE ILLUSTRATES HOW AMERICA MADE USE OF THE RADAR EQUIPMENT : It shows the functions of five types of equipment installed in a B29 Super-Fortress—often referred to as a "Flying Radar Set"



***On left*—A WONDERFUL PICTURE OF AN AERIAL RADARSCOPE PHOTOGRAPH OF NANTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND :** On the right is an actual chart of the island : on the left is the same island as it was seen by radar. The land areas appear white, and the water black on the radar screen. Aircraft or shipping also appear as white dots. Identification is made by comparison with charts or previous radar pictures. The brilliant area seen in the centre of the view on the left indicates the position of the plane making the picture

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

EXPERTO CREDE.—No revelation of recent days gave me a more profound shock (and perhaps stimulus) than that of the Great Vermeer forgeries. The rights of the story are still to come. If the Press reports (which have received curiously little comment, considering the interest and the problems one would expect such a confession to raise) are true, it appears that a clever copyist has in the past few decades turned himself into a millionare (British standard) by "faking" Vermeers and selling them to public galleries and big private collectors as original works of the great master. This self-confessed forger has enriched himself and the world of art with at least seven "hitherto unknown authentic masterpieces" of the greatest perhaps of all the Dutch painters (of his genre) of the seventeenth century—Jan van der Meer Vermeer of Delft, who died in 1675, whose "View of Delft" is the glory of the Maritzhuis at The Hague and the glory of the world's art in architectural landscape painting.

I have twice made uncomfortable pilgrimage to Holland to see that picture alone (perhaps I will throw in Rembrandt's "Night Watch," at Amsterdam!). And now, what? It is not to be supposed that that portentous ring, the World's Art Critics, can long remain silent in the face of this shattering blow to the worth and reputation of their calling and fraternity.

If the reports are true, the art critics of our time stand in the pillory, crowned in fools' caps, to be the target of our jeers for a generation. The Bode deception is trivial compared with this. It is the "Captain of Koepenick" of the art world, the "Louis de Rougement," the absolute record in the gullibility of the acknowledged expert.

I can conceive that a trained copyist could make a perfect copy of "The View of Delft." I know that the technique of faking antiquity is very far advanced, even to the application of the secrets of colour-making and laying-on, once locked in the hearts of the masters of the fifteenth to seventeenth centuries. Old canvas or wood, old frames, can be picked up, worm-holed and age-stained. New paint can be dulled and cracked, and so on. But when it comes to "inventing" an Old Master—that is, designing the subject of the picture to be faked as the work of a master—I had conceived that the united eyes of the critics of the world would indeed be Argus-eyed and that nothing of that sort could slip through the cordon.

The Vermeer Dilemma.—And now, where does Vermeer stand? Where in the public galleries of Europe and America, in the great private collections, will a critic or expert "show us any truth" concerning him? No longer can we rely on an O.K. from Art to assess any work of art as genuine. Nothing now can satisfy us but documents from archives, proving *not* the merits of a picture but its authentic existenec as a framed and painted canvas in a named gallery long enough to disprove a charge that it has been faked within the last two or three centuries!

The dilemma is tremendous in this case of Vermeer. Either all art criticism is poppy-cock (and always has been so), or else another Vermeer, as great as or greater than that master, has been at work in our time, and should to-day be crowned and not sent to "jug" as a common forger. But, as I have said, at the moment of writing, this glaring dilemma rests upon the proofs of the truth of these Press reports, which were forgotten in the congestion of more urgent, exciting political or atomic news, almost as soon as they were read and before they had been commented on in art circles or seriously examined, denied or admitted.

These bombshells are not uncommon in the world of art, the fraternity of critics have survived a number of such blockbusters. The common man seems to have a rooted and childlike faith in the expert, and I fancy it is a faith fed by shrewd publicity, the same faith which is engendered in Liver Pills by a big advertising appropriation on the part of the proprietors of the particular brand. The expert in almost every field is very vocal, very confident and a master of the art of self-advertisement, and in Britain he usually finds a ready response to his request for publicity among the Press columnists and gossip writers. Otherwise I do not think he would, in any field, survive the constant revelations of his fallibility and gullibility.

The Impregnable Pundit.—Almost every reader of this article will be able to adduce an instance in medicine of some relation or friend doomed by the doctor to die within a year or so who has survived to a ripe old age, or, at any rate, an instance of a totally wrong diagnosis by the medical fraternity of specialists. The war of 1939 has played havoc with the theories and prophecies of military experts on the course of the war and of political students on the course of international politics.

The pundits and the prophets, big and small, in every field have been de-bunked with punctual and glorious certainty year after year and almost week after week. But prophesy flourishes as the flowers of the field, despite these chilling frosts, and we continue to believe what the prophet of each day assures us will come to pass. He has only to say it with enough conviction to be believed by his public, whom he has disappointed half-a-dozen times in a matter of months.

The weather expert is a younger creation. His scientific stock-in-trade is modern and has been cracked up to the skies by shrewd publicity. He has instruments to-day which (he assures us) enable him to spot shallow and deep depressions, anticyclones or cyclones from great distances and to estimate their arrival over the Azores or County Kerry within a matter of minutes.

But he has had a couple of bad months of late. He has been so often wrong that a less gullible race than ours would surely have laughed him, even hooted him, out of court. Sometimes he has given us three totally different prophecies of weather conditions in a single day, all contradictory, and all wrong. Does it worry him? No. He bobs up as cheerfully as ever with his confident prediction of the morn's morn without dreaming of apology or justification. He relies entirely on his impregnable reputation and our irremediable gullibility.

In Britain, if you say a thing often enough, you will get it believed by a majority; if you say it loud enough you will be heard by a majority; if you say it confidently enough you will be accepted as a prophet after a score of recent show-downs.

The art expert is under special divine protection, for he flourishes in a foreign field; he treads little-known by-ways. Years ago I remember to have written for a volume of *Essays of the Year* an essay on "Taste." I was trounced for saying "Good taste is nothing but the ephemeral opinion of a resolute Cabal in the human herd, whose outward confidence clokes their own, and chokes their neighbour's doubts." Perhaps the sentence smacks of youthful impudence and suggests the young man's penchant for a sweeping generalisation. But in my ripe maturity I see no grounds for correcting that judgment. And what in Art is true of "Taste" appears to be not less true of technique.

Humanity is still a flock of sheep. And when the bell-wether jumps we all jump.

I hope that, in this important matter of the alleged Vermeer forgeries, we shall yet hear a good deal more from the author, from the gulled experts, and from the trustees or owners of the galleries who paid huge sums to acquire these remarkable masterpieces of art (or the art of faking).

The story is too good, too rich, too important to drop down dead at the explosion of a mere atomic bomb, or to be crowded out by the end of a world war or a change in the administration.

THE ONLY TRAPPIST MONASTERY IN ENGLAND—The Abbey of Mount St. Bernard Monastery, near Colville, in the Charnwood Forest: This new building was consecrated on August 20. It is the only Trappist Monastery in the country, and the consecration was the first of a Cistercian Abbey church in England since the Reformation. Most of the seventy monks who live in the monastery have taken a goodly part in the building of the church, which is constructed of local granite, some of which was quarried in the monastery grounds

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

SIGH NO MORE (Piccadilly).—Mr. Noel Coward is such a magician in the world of the theatre that even when he is not at the top of his form he can be relied upon to provide entertainment of a high standard. In this revue he is only once or twice at his best (in my opinion, exactly twice—in his lyric about a Spanish girl and in his village pageant). But this is a matter of wit and fun rather than charm, and there is charm in plenty, notably a duet, "Mother and Daughter," beautifully sung by Miss Joy O'Neill and Miss Gwen Bateman, the background of which is a reproduction of a front page of the *Illustrated London News* of forty years ago. There is lots of ballet dancing—too much of it, in fact. However, there are Miss Joyce Grenfell's brilliant monologues and much good work from Mr. Cyril Ritchard and Miss Madge Elliott.

Lady Windermere's Fan (Haymarket).—The only play by Oscar Wilde which remains perfect entertainment is *The Importance of Being Earnest*, simply because no part of it has to be taken seriously. The genius of Wilde did not extend to drama, and the tense moments of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, revived at the Haymarket, fall very flat, some of them getting dangerously near the ridiculous. Allowance must be made, of course, for the fact that the play is over fifty years old and that the author merely adopted the stage conventions of the period—a less realistic period than to-day, when players seldom have to soliloquize at length and to mutter "asides" to the audience. None the less, this is, I venture to think, basically absurd as a drama.

Mr. Geoffrey Toone (Lord Windermere), Mr. Griffith Jones (Lord Darlington), Miss Dorothy Hyson (Lady Windermere) and Miss Isabel Jeans (Mrs. Erlynne) all did extremely well in the serious parts. They just could not help appearing stilted and unnatural at times; this was Wilde's fault, not theirs. But those in charge of the wit had a grand time of it, and gave the audience a grand time too—particularly Miss Athene Seyler as the Duchess of Berwick and Mr. Michael Shepley as Lord Augustus. Gorgeously ninety-ish scenery and dresses.

International Ballet (His Majesty's).—London is exceptionally full of ballet now that Miss Mona Inglesby has brought her company back. I noticed that the other evening it would have been possible to have seen part of *Coppelia* at Sadler's Wells and part of it at His Majesty's. The opening programme at the latter consisted of Schumann's *Carnaval* (which I have seen danced better), *The Swan Lake*, with an exquisite performance by Miss Inglesby herself, and the Richard Strauss ballet *Everyman*, which is one of the most successful and important achievements of recent years. The music alone is, of course, worth listening to, particularly since a large orchestra play it extremely well. But the old morality play, with a few of the words spoken, is mimed and danced to perfection. Much credit is due to Mr. Leslie French. M. Algeranoff, Miss Sonia Arova and Miss Joan Harris are among other outstanding members of the company.

Variety Season (Prince of Wales's).—Plenty of fun in this (alas, limited) season of the good old music-hall stuff. I strongly recommend a visit. Maurice Colleano and his troupe are vastly funny and agile; Dick Henderson is a pleasantly robust comedian; Max Miller lives up to the programme description "the Cheekie Chappie," and Bobbie Kimber's ventriloquism is almost uncanny.

THE CEREMONY AROUND THE PILLAR AT GLENFINNAN, WHERE THE STANDARD WAS RAISED BY CHARLES STUART IN 1745, after his landing at Moidart: The Glen was crowded with thousands of Scottish and overseas spectators to witness the tribute of the Scottish clansmen

THE ROAD to the ISLES

The Rising in '45 Commemorated 200 Years Later

On August 18, at the mouth of quiet Glenfinnan, in Inverness-shire, the part of the clans in the Rising of '45 was commemorated at the historic Pillar marking the spot where, two centuries ago, Bonnie Prince Charles raised the Standard. Thousands of Scots from all parts were present, and thousands of overseas spectators. The central figures at the gathering were Lochiel, a descendant of the Lochiel of the 'Forty-five, and Lord James Stewart-Murray (Duke of Atholl)

LOCHIEL, CHIEF OF THE CAMERONS, descendant of the Lochiel who joined Prince Charles Stuart in '45, addresses the gathering

LORD JAMES STEWART-MURRAY (Duke of Atholl), whose ancestor was one of the "Seven Men of Moidart"

LOCHIEL'S PIPER, Norman MacRae, playing "My King Has Landed in Moidart" during the gathering at Glenfinnan on August 18

MR. SETON GORDON, Highland naturalist and author, watches the picturesque ceremony

LORD JAMES STEWART-MURRAY (DUKE OF ATHOLL—on left), with Sir Colin MacRae and Lord Patrick Crichton Stewart. The white cockade worn by Lord James Stewart-Murray has survived in the Atholl family since the year 1745

Left to right—LORD SEMPILL, Mrs. Shaw, Mr. Hugh Shaw (Secretary of Ann Comunn Gaidhealach), and Mr. Donald Shaw MacKinnon (President of the Clan MacKinnon Society)

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

EDNA FERBER AND SOME OTHERS

The Rare Art of the Story-teller; Miss Leslie Ford's Original Detective Story; Agriculture and Big Business in the U.S.A.; A Fine Book on Chinese Pottery; Sadler's Wells Opera Booklets

THE art of story-telling is a great deal rarer than one might think, judging by the flood of fiction to be published month by month. It is a very great quality, though it does not necessarily bear any relation to good writing. When, of course, you have both, you have someone like Robert Louis Stevenson. But where the story-telling gift exists, even the clumsiest writing can be forgiven, as in the case of one of our best-selling English novelists.

For the point about the ability to tell a good story is that it is a compelling talent. Once you have read a few pages, it is as if you were living among the characters, and felt it a real necessity to know what happens to them next. You may not be savouring the style, but you 're certainly being entertained, and for a few hours the fact will be well lost for the fiction. The names of three women novelists occur to me as coming into this category: Miss Vicki Baum, Miss Daphne du Maurier and Miss Edna Ferber.

A MEMORIAL EXHIBITION AT THE R.B.A. GALLERIES of the work of the late George Sheringham: This show has been arranged by the trustees of the artist, who died in 1937, and many of his delicate fan-shaped flower pieces and mural decorations are to be seen, as well as designs for the stage, including scenery and costumes. The exhibition was opened by Mr. Michael Ayrton, seen above, who is himself a well-known artist

Miss Ferber's new novel has a setting in which I am not wildly interested, and a theme with which I am generally rather bored; nevertheless, I have read every word of this book and could have wished it half as long again. **GREAT SON** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is the story of four generations of a Seattle family, from the Klondike gold rush to Pearl Harbour, and I defy you to be bored with it.

In 1851 Madam Exact Melendy had landed at Alki Point, in what was later to be the State of Washington, on the Pacific seaboard. In 1941 she still regales her listeners, much in the manner of the Ancient Mariner, with tales of her early pioneering days, drawing plentifully on imagination. By this time her son, Vaughan Melendy, has made a fortune in real estate and has been one of the founders of the city of Seattle. He has married suitably, but unromantically, and has joined in the gold rush to the Klondike.

In the ship on his way there, Vaughan meets, and falls in love with, Pansy, a travelling-show girl, who becomes the mother of his only son. Vaughan's wife adopts the baby, and later Pansy, too, returns to Seattle, making no demands on Vaughan or his family, but remaining the love of his life to whom he turns for counsel and comfort. Their son, Dike, marries an actress, with whom he lives an unsatisfactory life between the excitement of Broadway and the stifling atmosphere of the family circle in Seattle.

Their son, Mike, is of the present war generation, and, before he leaves for active service, he flouts family opinion and marries Regency Dresden, a refugee from Europe who is acting as companion to old Madam Exact. The story closes with Mike fighting in a Burmese jungle and Regency working in an aircraft factory, awaiting the fifth generation of Melendys, and a pioneer in her own way.

For myself, I would have liked the love-story of Vaughan and Pansy, with its lusty and sometimes touching moments in the frozen north, expanded to at least twice its length. Either because they are the kind of people I like reading about, or Miss Ferber likes writing about, they seem to glow through the pages of the book, more human and likeable than even the young Mike, who is a little too much the prototype of youth and international amity to be quite real.

However, the others all take their proper places in the tale, the first generation representing strength, the second love, the third sophistication, the fourth the synthesis of all three, and the fifth the unknown quantity for which everyone must search their children's eyes.

In her detective stories, Miss Leslie Ford has created a really original character, and I think that the fact should be celebrated by at least a notice. This Mrs. Latham is a charming American lady "on the glamorous side of forty," who is perpetually being implicated in murders and other sinister crimes, *but*—Refreshing Fact No. 1—she is not an amateur sleuth who makes rings round the official police forces, or a dear old Nosey Parker, like the immortal Tish of Miss Mary Roberts Rinehart. She is just a delightful stooge who can't seem to avoid being in the wrong place at the right time.

And—Refreshing Fact No. 2—she is neither a help nor a hindrance to her friend, Colonel Primrose, in his authorised search for the motives and opportunities. She is just a complication, and generally a well-dressed and popular one, the kind of woman in whom prospective or suspected criminals feel bound to confide. Mrs. Latham, in other words, holds the balance.

She appears to some purpose in **THE PHILADELPHIA MURDER STORY** (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.), in the course of which she roams gracefully, and at risk to life and limb, through the offices of the *Saturday Evening Post* in that city, gives advice to the lovelorn, as anodyne as such advice is apt to be, and very, very nearly gets Colonel Primrose to the point of proposal. All very agreeable, occasionally exciting, and to be continued, I hope.

ILL FARES THE LAND (Faber. 12s. 6d.) is an account of migrants and migratory labour in the United States. One facet of the same problem was dealt with, quite unforgettably, in John Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, in which a dispossessed family from Oklahoma travelled painfully across the hundreds—almost thousands—of miles to find fruit-picking work in California. Mr. Carey McWilliams writes from a more fully documented and a considerably drier point of view, but I imagine that his object has been the same: to startle and shock out of any possible complacence the citizens of the country in question.

To an English reader, with his own country's problems to face, there is not such great relevance, although the warning of the possible development of agriculture into Big Business might be noted here as a menace, however distant. In his foreword, the Earl of Portsmouth makes some exceptionally interesting points, and writes, *inter alia*: "We were, even in 1937, reckoned by distinguished economists to have the highest production per head of active workers in the whole of Europe . . . the small farmers and the farm-workers of the United Kingdom are reckoned to have a productivity per head five times as great as the farm workers of Russia. . . . More important [than the statistics of a specific yield] to the economists is that the British farm-worker, reckoned in terms of relative labour efficiency in 1937, was supposed to be above the U.S.A., Canada, and all the European countries, and to feed more persons per head than any of those countries."

Although the book's intention is primarily for American readers, Lord Portsmouth's foreword is well worth the study of anyone interested in the future of our own agriculture.

Like a harbinger of pleasant things to come and a welcome relief from the "wartime economy standards" of book production, is **THE CERAMIC ART OF CHINA** by William Bowyer Honey (Faber 63s.). This is the definitive work on a subject which has not been surveyed since the publication of R. L. Hobson's two volumes, published in 1915. It is primarily concerned with the art of the potter, and historical and archæological matters are touched upon only as they concern the special interests of the connoisseur.

The author has taken full advantage of the new light thrown on the subject by the great International Exhibition of Chinese Art held in London in 1935-36, and he also deals fully with marks, forgeries, shapes and decoration. The publishers are to be congratulated on a truly remarkable wartime production. There are three plates in full colour, and 192 in monochrome illustrating 380 objects.

And finally, I would recommend to all music-lovers, and to devotees of the Sadler's Wells Opera in particular, four books, published under their auspices, by John Lane at 2s. 6d. each. (1) **OPERA IN ENGLISH**; (2) Mozart's **COSI FAN TUTTI**; (3) Benjamin Britten's **PETER GRIMES**; (4) Puccini's **MADAME BUTTERFLY.**

Charmingly produced with paper covers, but containing half-tone illustrations of scenes from the operas taken from the Sadler's Wells repertoire, they are a real item for the collector.

DESTROYED IN THE BLITZ—Restored by the Parishioners: Damaged by enemy action in December 1940 and further damaged by flying bombs in June 1944, the Church of St. Antholin's, Nunhead, is being repaired by a band of volunteer parishioners, under the leadership of the Vicar, the Rev. Charles Vernon. Material for the restoration work is salvaged from the ruins, and fittings will have to be purchased later when money is available. It is hoped that the restored church will be rededicated by the Bishop of Southwark at the end of September. The Vicar is seen repairing the pulpit with the aid of a schoolboy worker

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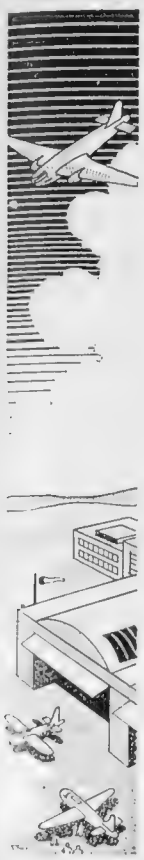

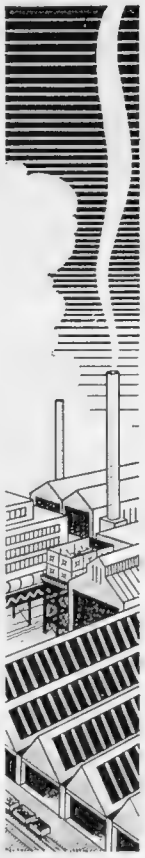

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Twelfth Day Eve

An old Devonshire custom still kept up in some parts is the toasting of the apple trees.

The farmer, attended by all his workpeople and accompanied by an enormous pitcher of cider, goes to the orchard and encircling one of the trees recites:

"Here's to thee, old apple tree
Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow?
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow?
Hats full! Caps full!
Bushel — bushel — sacks full
And my pockets full too. Huzza"

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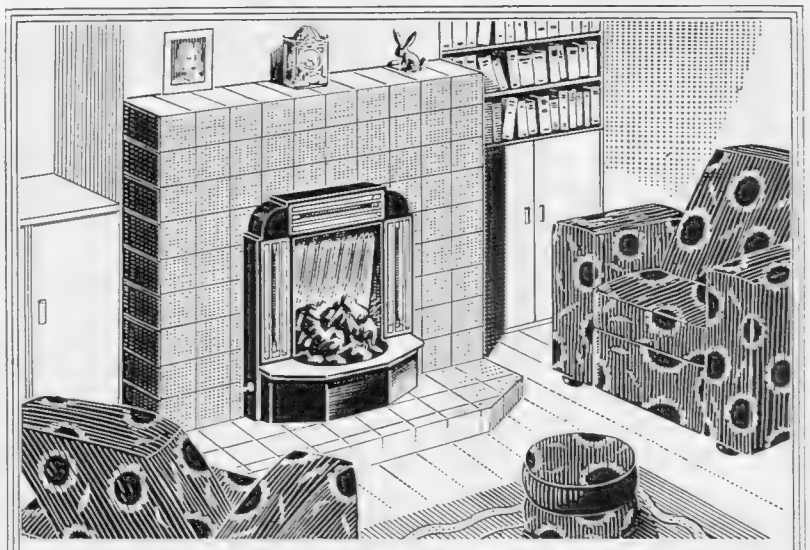

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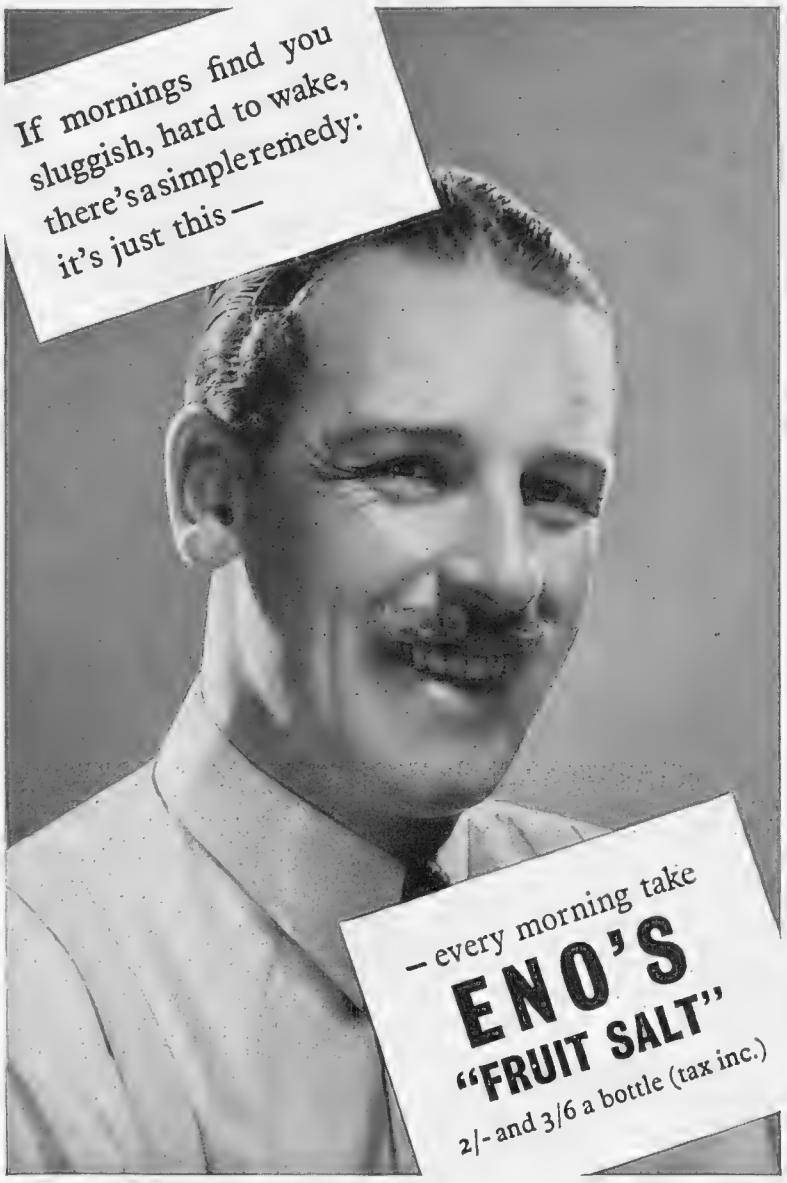
21, St. James Sq., London, S.W.1



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SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS HAVE THE **VALSTAR "777"** RAINCOAT — SUPPLIES NOW HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

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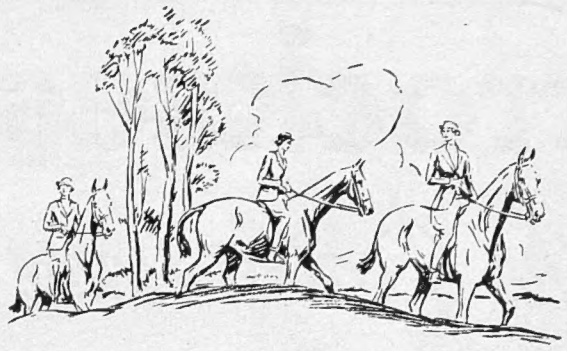
SCOTCH WHISKY

"An evening nip"

A "nip" of "Black & White" is always stimulating.

It's the Scotch!

Out of Battle-dress . . .



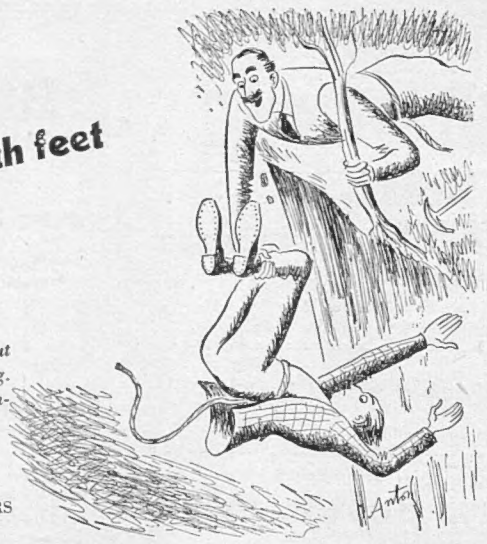
is the Order of the Day for the lucky ones who are planning their own private operations again

Subaltern Pat Radar, for instance, interviewed yesterday, declared that gees are the only sort of rehabilitation she needs. "I've got a wizard riding-tour all lined up. Three of us are going from Battle—that's rather significant, isn't it?—to Falmouth, right across England. We'll take rucsacs and a list of pubs where they can still look a horse in the eye without stretching for the petrol pump. Just to celebrate the occasion we're standing ourselves new outfits, and naturally that means

Into **MOSS BROS** & CO. LTD
OF COVENT GARDEN
Corner of King St. and Bedford St. W.C.2
Temple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

And at Bristol, Manchester, Camberley, Portsmouth, Bournemouth

and at Saxone they measure both feet



Saxone Footprint Fitting shoes put a man on a really comfortable footing. Perfect fit and longer wear are ensured because we measure both feet.

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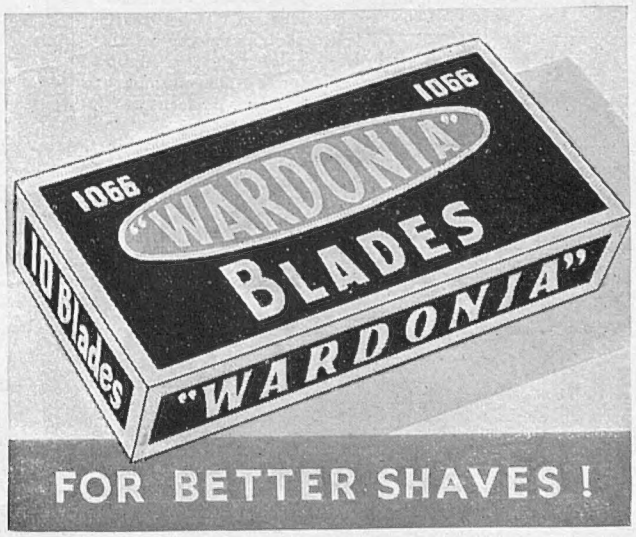

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Regrettably not in full supply at present, but contact your Wine Merchant—you may be fortunate.

Remember, every occasion with VAMOUR is a special one.

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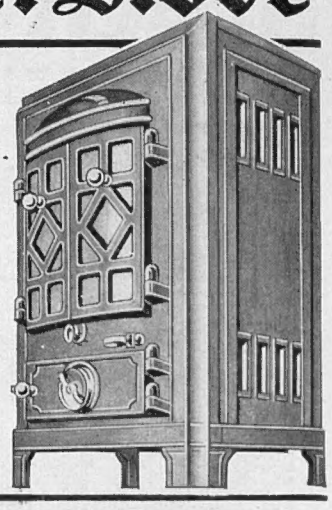
EFFICIENT — ECONOMIC — HANDSOME

—the 'Courtier' Stove combines all the advantages of a slow-combustion stove with the comfort of an open fire. When full supplies are again available, the 'Courtier will undoubtedly be the popular solution of all heating problems in your post-war home



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By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

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One of Britain's finest hotels
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For leave, or a pleasant holiday, this beautiful spot in a fold of the West Sussex Downs makes an ideal change. Perfectly cooked food. Comfortable beds. First-class golf, 4 miles (on bus route). Lovely walks. Excellent bus service from Horsham, Brighton, Pulborough, Worthing. From 5 gns. Tel: Ashington 233.

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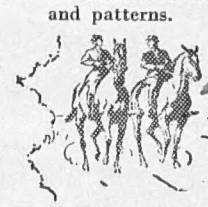

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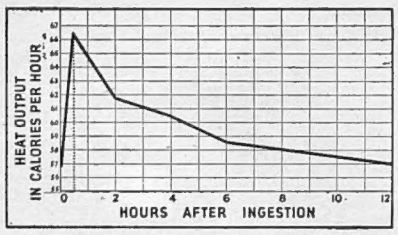
Raising the Metabolic Rate hastens recovery from illness

"I WISH I could hurry up and get well." That is your first thought when you are recovering from an illness. However, it is not wishful thinking, but your metabolic rate which determines the length of your convalescence.

What is your metabolic rate? It can be called your "living rate," because it is actually the rate at which your body burns up energy and replaces that energy by absorbing nourishment from food.

Through illness, your metabolic rate slows down. To get back to normal, you must supply your body with the energy it needs. Unfortunately, a low metabolic rate is accompanied by loss of appetite, making it difficult to absorb sufficient nourishment.

To break this vicious circle, some means of speeding up your metabolic rate must be found. To do this, doctors prescribe broths, soups, and meat extracts, because they are easily digested. Clinical tests, conducted at a famous research institute, have shown that *one* well-known preparation is outstandingly effective in raising the metabolic rate — Brand's Essence. It raises the rate with extraordinary quickness and sustains it for a quite exceptional length of time.



This chart shows the average rise in the metabolic rate after taking Brand's Essence. The peak is reached half an hour after taking Brand's, and the rate is still high after six hours.

You will like the flavour of Brand's Essence, even when the mere thought of food is distasteful. A few spoonfuls will immediately raise your metabolic rate and give you energy. With this new feeling of strength, your appetite returns. Then you are well on your way to recovery. Price 3/- a bottle.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

That a Child May Know Companionship

How strange it will seem that once mothers, harassed by unending housework, had no time to spare for eager minds. In post-war homes kept clean and bright by H.M.V labour-saving electric appliances mothers will find more leisure to enjoy the company of their children.

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Where are the Railway Steamers so familiar to the pre-war traveller? Many are still doing a great job, as hospital ships, troopships, mine sweepers and the like. Famous train ferry steamers are proving invaluable in pouring supplies into liberated Europe.

The railways spent nearly £9,000,000 since 1923 in developing these fast, modern liners in miniature.

Some have made their last voyage; others, better, faster, are being planned to replace them in their vital post-war duties of linking the nations.

GWR · LMS · LNER · SR

Welcome the luncheon interval. Now we can stretch our legs after a hard morning's sitting. Now we can get down to the really serious business of the batting averages and the chances of so-and-so getting his century before tea. Now — thank goodness — we can have a gin and Votrix. In every test it's a winner. It's British Vermouth and very good.

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